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The Gentleman from Texas

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

FROM the incomplete yet arduously compiled list supplied me by the library of Congress I gather that the number of literary products sired by the Republic's Congressional statesmen in their first 148 years run deep into the hundreds, not including the works of Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes. There have, of course, been brilliant congressmen like John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, and John Sherman, for instance, who have left works of enduring interest, but on the whole it is a dismal collection, appalling to the potential reader who merely thinks of fighting his way through it.

The ante-bellum statesmen left turgid, many-volumed collections of their oratory for posterity as difficult for said posterity to read as fruit cake is to eat on a heaving tropical sea on the Fourth of July. The Honorable Caleb Cushing, who ancestored a thin line of scholars in politics with puritanical laments for the excesses of the French Revolution, hardly bettered the Congressional reputation for urbanity in writing or suavity in outlook. The late Senator Albert J. Beveridge finally proved in his retirement that it was possible for the scholar in politics to produce humanly readable literature. But even so erudite a statesman as Henry Cabot Lodge willfully excluded his faintly human waspishness from his historical writing, preserving only the dullness of the Harvard faculty in the 1870s. The grinders-out of "personal and political recollections" who swarmed toward the turn of the century are, if possible, in an even worse case for stodginess. Most of them bent even their most intimate revelations to accord with the thesis that a statesman never deserted his pomposity or the hand-in-the-frock-coat-bosom pose even in the most compromising of back-room or boudoir conferences. At their sprightliest these raconteurs of the Hayes and Arthur administrations essay a heavy-handed touch with Pat and Mike stories. Below the level of orators, scholars, and autobiographers runs a thin trickle of books on problems of the day by journalistically inclined congressmen, written for the most part in the tradition of third rate editorial writers in a hurry.

Perhaps the list is not complete—though the Congressional Library omits to mention it—without reference to the fact that Mr. William Randolph Hearst once served a term in Congress. If his contributions to the progress of literature are thrown into the balance the Congressional grand total in authorship can be made to look somewhat like a Hunnish invasion of the kingdom of letters.

MAURY MAVERICK

Under the circumstances when a congressman writes a book in which humor, horse sense, and a colloquial vocabulary are substituted for pomposity and ponderosity it is simply another sign that another solemn American tradition has been ravished and desecrated by these wild young New Dealers. Yet the Honorable Maury Maverick* of San Antonio has done just that. The whalebone of pedantry, the bloat of oratorical gasses, the poison meat taints of political self-righteousness, simply are not in him.

On the contrary, the gentleman from Texas handles civilized ideas—spectacularly civilized for a congressman—with mirth, gusto, and, on almost every page, with near-Homeric laughter at his profession and himself. The only specimen of Congressional literature which approaches it for entertainment value is Davy Crockett's autobiography, which, however, did not deal particularly with civilized ideas or with Congress, and which Davy, being far on the illiterate side, did not write. Mr. Maverick wrote this, indubitably. Expert as they are in sounding the Joe Robinson tympani and the White House kettle drums, none of the Washington herd of ghostwriters could imitate the Maverick flow of talk.

All of this has nothing to do with the fact that the gentleman from Texas skips from autobiographical piquancies to public activities with the floating power and perfect knee action of the daring young man on the flying trapeze. To be sure, authentic Washington gossip has it that Mr. Maverick has never heard of William Saroyan. If so, the kinship in the two acrobatic performances merely proves how much stimulus there is in the Time Spirit.

Take ancestors, for instance. Mr. Maverick writes of his—distinguished and scandalous, bond and free—more than copiously. But writing of them with a studied irreverence inconceivable in any previous Southern congressman he makes them serve, like a genial piccolo prelude, to introduce discussions of sociology, economics, public morals, soil conservation, real estate rackets, and the imbecilities of the old Southern cult of magnolias and old massas.

In spite of having given their name to all the stray cows and unhousebroken cattle in the universe, the Mavericks, the gentleman from Texas informs us, were not even cattlemen. "I hereby declare to all men by these presents," he insists,

> . . . . that nobody in my family ever yelled yipee! whoopee! or sang a cowboy song. . . . The Mavericks were land

* *A MAVERICK AMERICAN. By Maury Maverick. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. $3.*

Next Week

THE PULP MAGAZINES
By FLETCHER PRATT

THE LIFE OF RILEY
By HARVEY FERGUSSON
Reviewed by James D. Hart

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speculators . . . The old land-owning families [of the South] are similar to the old bond-holding families of New England who got their start buying depreciated American bonds from the American soldiers. Some of the bond purchasers were very worthy Tories who hid out during the revolution.

All this by easy stages leads up to a refreshingly un-Southern philosophy of ancestors. Any family's ancestors, the gentleman from Texas insists, are the story of early America. "Sometimes our ancestors exploited others, and sometimes they got exploited. But whatever they were, they were just like us—they sang and prayed and got drunk and wept and went broke, just like us."

A little later the attack on ancestor worship develops even more cogency. "It is disgusting," Mr. Maverick jibes,

> to see certain people consider themselves better by blood today whose only superiority is economic; and to hear these self-made upper-crusters indulge in a lot of sin-talk about others who have less in money.
>
> Sin! Those who commit social derelictions today are merely like some of our unfortunate ancestors of yesterday. . . . Lack of opportunity is the sin-breeder, whether in the poverty of the city slums or the poverty of the eroded hillsides.

Mr. Maverick also writes, with a more or less unprecedented degree of realism for a congressman, of his war experiences. It seems that he won a minor medal or two in the Argonne for a few of the more routine forms of distinguished conduct. But from the statesman's account you get a feeling that becoming a hero is less a matter of conscious purpose and self mastery in No Man's Land than of escaping alive from a cosmic explosion due to the happy psychological accident of having been able to cultivate at the right moment the nonchalant morale of a delirium tremens sufferer.

Here again the gentleman from Texas confronts us with new notes in Congressional authorship. Even the mildest of military records automatically converted the old-fashioned, standard-gauge congressman into a life-long flag waver. Martial exploits, however, merely stimulate Captain Maverick to some of the most virile debunking of the war psychosis that has yet been shouted from the pacifist trenches. And incidentally inspire an interestingly sage conclusion concerning the psychology of veterans:

> The soldier does not consider himself a part of a great historical movement any more than the Arkansas share cropper thinks of himself as a part of a great economic problem. . . . The ex-soldier . . . lives in an economic system that will not use him and he faces futility and a blank life. Hence he is forced to think of the big game of life in terms of his wounds, his pensions.

What the Captain obviously regards as a much more adventurous chapter occurred when he voluntarily, as a means toward finding out what human rights might be about in a power age, went exploring into the hobo jungles of the deepest Hoover depression and subsequently founded a coöperative camp in San Antonio for the relief of starving transients.

The camp worked idyllically until some of the inmates began getting jobs on RFC and army projects. Then:

> Castes began to form. . . . One man worked thirty hours in a week and got a dollar an hour. He had been the meekest, most respectable and hard working man in the colony. He drew his thirty dollars . . . arrived on the scene tight as a drum, . . . beat his wife, turned capitalist and left. Tony, an ex-sailor, made twelve dollars and forty cents, . . . began dressing up, . . . ran off with somebody's wife and three children, as ambitious a financier as I ever knew. . . .

> The penny caste was composed of those who had less than a dollar and they were the advanced thinkers. Those who had over a dollar but under five dollars were the liberal Democrats . . . a little worried about radicalism. Those having over five dollars were the Tories and reactionaries and looked on the others . . . as a proletarian mob.

But the retired militarist saves his heavy artillery for the American tradition's more imposing stuffed-shirteries. He writes of the current cult of Supreme Court worship, for instance, with a rambunctious impishness which the American people possibly need more in the late 1930s than a good nickel cigar, a revival of religion, or a perfect economic plan.

Consider the Maverick paraphrase of Mr. Chief Justice Hughes's rendition of his opinion in the Washington State Minimum Wage Law:

> What he [the C. J.] said was not so bad in sentiment, but it was a speech pure and simple. He would pause now and then, gain the attention of his audience, and then come to a resounding conclusion. The speech was . . . an arsenal of prejudices slapped together to lend the impression that Pity descends from the Bench-on-High all the way down to the poor and downtrodden of the land.
>
> He spoke of "the health, safety, morals and welfare of the people" in fervent tones. Then he pointed out that the Court had found there was a depression and people were out of work. He then got to complimenting the women again and said they were a great sex; and that they should be protected from the "unscrupulous."
>
> He gave the impression that he had sat up all night for many months in order to declare these startling and revolutionary facts, and that it took a man of great learning to say them. . . . He exuded liberality and progressiveness, which he exudes now and then.

But for that matter the statesman writes with similarly irreverent persiflage of the intellectual peccadilloes of his best friends. There is a pleasantly jocose passage, for instance, relating how Rex Tugwell stood on a sand hill in the desert outside Monterey, Mexico, practising his soon-to-be-famous Los Angeles speech on the gentleman from Texas:

> "The workers and farmers," Tugwell orated to Maverick, "combining their genius, . . . shall form a nodule."
>
> I blew up completely.
>
> I said: "Rex, I am sore and insulted and do not want to hear any more."
>
> "Why?" he asked.

(*Continued on page 15*)

Creek Road

By CLARK B. FIRESTONE

SHE might be gracing a corn-shuck feast,
An apple-peeling; not in the least
Does that interest her. By a creek she dwells,
And down the creek is the sound of bells
Where cattle pass to the county town.

Everything else goes down the road:
From the clinging porch of her log abode
She sees the world of the hills go by,
Riding, riding, from far or nigh
Men on horses and men on mules

The while she churns. There are farmer folk.
And drovers, and men with the peddler's poke,
And roving preachers from scope and glen,
And raw fur buyers and sheriff's men.
She looks at them and then at the hills

Where hen-hawks scream, and the hieroglyph
Of naked cedars edges the cliff.
Below it are ferny coves, and corn
Slants dizzily down, and the fields are shorn
Of their timothy by the questing kine.

Beside the creek are a barn and shed,
A sorghum patch and a ginseng bed;
On the porch wall is a groundhog's hide;
A wood fire burns on the hearth inside,
A bean pot bubbles upon the crane—

A narrow stage. Yet the creek has a song,
And men go riding its course along,
And mules and horses, plashing the stream,
Attune the song to the young girl's dream.
Her lips are parted, her gray eyes shine.

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If Joyce Wrote "Studs Lonigan"...

WHITE MULE. By William Carlos Williams. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

FROM a number of angles "White Mule" is literary news. It is a powerful and resonant novel, apparently the first panel of a larger projected work, and capable in itself of adding to the eminence Dr. Williams already holds as an imagist poet. With the imagist's sensitivity to the word, he would naturally choose no ordinary methods for his novel, and, naturally too, he would find himself most responsive to the work of James Joyce. But more important is the fact that he has successfully digested the Ulyssean style and integrated it with his own, so that it appears here with much of its original impact and brilliance, even though it be (as it must inevitably be) genius diluted with talent. The materials of the book are varied and worthy of this treatment; they center about an American family of German-Scandinavian stock, taking root in the New York of 1893, the East River, tenement, gas-house New York. In some ways the Joycean approach is not best calculated to bring out the full pattern of this scene, veering as it does away from steady detail and circling about the eddies of personality. The effect is as though Joyce were to write "Studs Lonigan"—suggestive, explosive, briefly illuminating, tantalizingly incomplete.

But the personalities themselves are perfectly realized. Joe, the printing-shop foreman, is an idealist out of an ancient mould, living according to his fierce, personal Calvinist ethics. The industrial life of the closing century is already becoming tense, the battle lines are forming. Ethics seem suddenly insufficient, isolated, and Joe stands between the lines, uncertain and bitter. In the next book we shall perhaps see him move toward some resolution. Gurlie, his wife, is made of commoner, earthier stuff. She is certain of life and knows its vulgar secrets; she is proud and exultant, New York's Mrs. Bloom. The children, Lottie and Flossie, are the book's crowning excellence. Flossie is born upon the first page, "—as Venus from the sea, dripping," and upon the last she is two. The pages between are filled with a memorable and probably peerless account of an infant alive, with that data at once clinical and profoundly intuitive which only a poet and a doctor could provide. It would be easy to make much of the story's inconclusiveness, its lack of recognizable focus, but in the knowledge that other books are to complete this one, such a criticism must hang fire. There is enough of vitality and craftsmanship here to bid us wait.

A word should be said about New Directions, and its editor, James Laughlin IV. Mr. Laughlin addresses a ringing postscript to the reader of "White Mule," in which he promises a new deal, of "pure" publishing, and damns all those "traitors and enemies of the people" (publishers) who have gone before him. Certain of his remarks are absurd, such as "They [the publishers] have made the writing of books the production of cheap goods." A list could be made of good books published in the last thirty years, to go no further back, that would be too long for Mr. Laughlin to eat in comfort. Certain others are ill-advised, as "The writer [Dr. Williams] has not thought about the effect his writing would have upon the reader." Dr. Williams would not agree to that. But with the vehemence pruned out, Mr. Laughlin's intentions are fine and exciting. If "White Mule" is a sample of the things he wants to issue, we wish him more power and more manuscripts like it.

Brooklyn Eagle

MARJORIE HILLIS, WITH ORCHIDS, AND MARY LEWIS OF BEST'S, INC.

Advice to the Luxury-Lorn

ORCHIDS ON YOUR BUDGET. By Marjorie Hillis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by AGNES ROGERS

MARJORIE HILLIS, whose "Live Alone and Like It" presented to several hundred thousand lone women such practical and energetic advice in a highly engaging manner, now brings her wit and sense to bear on the problem of "living smartly on what you have."

"Orchids on Your Budget" attempts to tell us how to "economize with gaiety and an air," and, as the title suggests, Miss Hillis is a strong believer in having luxuries even on a limited income. Well, I'm a strong believer too, but I don't believe that without unusual taste, experience, energy, and determination, and a burning desire to be smart one could follow the plan mapped out here. Miss Hillis writes so deftly, her case material of bright Miss D and stupid Miss F is so entertaining, and her ideas are so engaging, that almost she persuades me I could do it too. But I really couldn't.

Not that the book hasn't value. It has. The main theme—and a sound one it is—is to cut down your major expenses in order to have some leeway with your minor ones. Rent, food, clothes, entertaining, travel—Miss Hillis has good advice on all these subjects, and I particularly like her case histories of nine old ladies and how they managed their finances. Her chapter on dress, incidentally, could be profitably memorized by all women who want to dress well on little. But much of the advice is practical for only a limited group. Although the book jacket tells us that the book is for wives and mothers as well as live-aloners, it is the last group, or possibly the childless wife, who will get the most out of it. I cannot believe that the financial problems of the family with children can be adjusted to permit thirty per cent of the budget for "orchids," nor do I think that the earnest housewife who is active in the Parent-Teachers' Association and the local Woman's Club feels the inner need for a Wedgewood breakfast tray and fine old brandy quite so strongly as Miss Hillis suggests.

On the whole, however, "Orchids on Your Budget" is more than an entertaining book. For women who are clever and "smart," it will be invaluable, and for their stodgier sisters, it may put a very beneficial bee in their bonnets.

Agnes Rogers is co-author with her husband, Frederick Lewis Allen, of "Metropolis."

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They Knew Lawrence

T. E. LAWRENCE BY HIS FRIENDS. Edited by A. W. Lawrence. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

SINCE there can be few literary vehicles more tiresome and futile than the collected reminiscences of a man's friends, and since this one is among the most exhaustive ever undertaken, it is a tribute to the genius of Lawrence that almost every one of these papers (those by the amateurs even more than those by the professional and the great) contains something penetrating. This is not to excuse the form, or even to apologize for it. It is depressing to read fifty individual biographies, each with its beginning and conclusion, its inevitable repetition of the obvious Lawrentian gestures, its wholly unsatisfactory, oblique glimpse into the mind of one different observer after another.

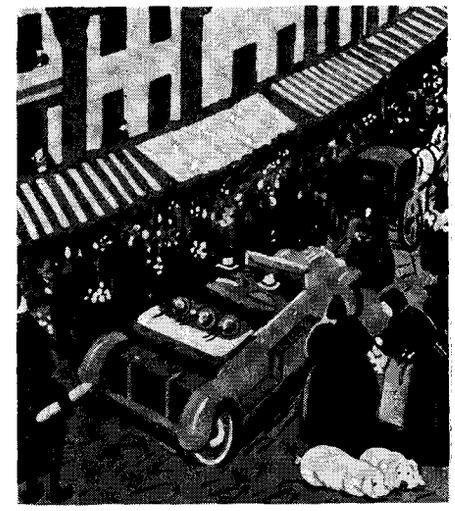
Yet the task could not be shirked. The data assembled is indispensable to any further study. Just as obviously, a doctoral thesis or cairn of documents when it involves the most interesting figure of our time, cannot be mimeographed for scholars or kept in a closet. From Leonard Wooley we learn that Lawrence's "sensitiveness to ridicule was probably due in part to his knowing that other people found it hard to take him seriously." From several sources comes the story of his anonymous periodical contributions during the last years: they always came back, and he was certain this betokened his failure as artist. Shaw, in an otherwise silly essay, marks that he would never mention Russia; Liddell Hart that his strategy "foreshadows the super-guerilla warfare of the future." We learn that the bulk of his library was poetry; that he hated mathematical accuracy and legal conception; that he draped his rooms against sound at Oxford and refused (perhaps for the same reason) to join the British Union of Fascists.

T. E. LAWRENCE, 1910
In camp with Oxford University Officers' Training Corps.

Of new light on Lawrence, new theory to account for the enigma of his psychology, there is little; but of new evidence there is a wealth. Much of the "mystery" is dispelled—leaving the legend to increase. The deep distrust of himself, the wit without self-humor, the lack of self-knowledge, the absolutism, and the pathetic quest for the simple and virtuous —all these take sharper outline. But the events that in his childhood warped genius of normalcy, closed his spirit to the body's impulses, impelled him to agony and excellence, vanity and honor, humanity and monasticism, leadership and the conviction of irremediable inferiority—these remain as dark as ever. His mother tells us that the boy "was good and kind to everyone" but she does not tell us (if indeed she knows) what made his body bristle at the prospect of intimacy. The origins of genius will always be obscure, and perhaps it is for this reason that the subtle probings of the spirit are least rewarding. Winston Churchill, with imperial realism, chooses to see Lawrence's disillusion with his country's use of the Arab revolt as the key to his retirement. Certainly the collection as a whole would be the richer for a study of Lawrence against the class conflicts and disintegrating culture of his time. Even an intelligent iconoclast's rip-roaring attack would strengthen its backbone.

But the book is essentially British—British in its compelling evidence of the consummate greed and delicacy with which that incomparable ruling class takes (and indeed took, even while he lived and erred) this erring son to its bosom. For all the insulation in which his genius was wound by a society that cherished its "eccentricities," his mind leaped beyond. When he stated baldly that Lenin was the greatest figure of the epoch, his admirers no doubt bowed condescendingly and forgot it; he forgot it. New attitudes, new crafts, new mechanical skills, new masterpieces of description he could encompass. But the idealism and the will to change his world atrophied in this atmosphere: he never matured. A selfless, generous man in his small protected world, he said, "We should not be too happy"; and spent the best years of his life preparing engines of destruction for the deviltry he hated with all an artist's sensitivity and a saint's passion.

Selden Rodman, an editor of Common Sense, *is the author of "Lawrence: The Last Crusade," a narrative poem.*



FROM THE JACKET OF "THE MOTT FAMILY IN FRANCE"

American Invasion

THE MOTT FAMILY IN FRANCE. By Donald Moffat. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

IT is a long while since the Motts went to France to live for a year. The franc and the dollar have executed their not too well regulated dance, many ministries have fallen, and most members of the American colony have made at least one ignominious flight back to their native land. But Mr. Moffat's little pieces are timeless, and continue to be as entertaining as they were in palmier expatriate days. In this new collection he tells us what happens when the tourist yields to that impulse to stay on in one of those abnormally picturesque old-world towns. In the process we learn a lot about a certain nation of some fifty millions, charming and eminently reasonable, but obstinately French. The Motts, of course, are more intrepid explorers than most of the Americans who have settled in France, for they avoid the fashionable centers. Indeed, Mr. Mott is quite scientific about seeking out curious folk-customs, and even writes an essay called "Métier de Femme," which is the sort of thing the French Academy is apt to crown upon the slightest provocation. But Mrs. Mott also adds a great deal to the cause of international understanding merely by being herself even in darkest Orne.

Mr. Moffat's descriptions of all this local fauna and flora are excellently done, full of unforced humor, and free from the exaggerations common to most American books about the comic foreigner and his ways. Certainly the Mott invasion of France marked an important day in the history of Franco-American relations. The family really should be subsidized by our Foreign Service, and sent abroad again; meanwhile we hope that Mr. Moffat will go on writing about them with the same sureness and lightness of touch.

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Senate Report, No. 711

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

The Saturday Review, *considering the recent Senate Judiciary Committee Report a document not only of political importance but one of a literary quality that places it among the distinguished state papers of the nation, has asked Mr. Burton Hendrick to comment upon it. Mr. Hendrick is the author of "Bulwark of the Republic," a history of constitutional controversy.*

HOWEVER distressing the contemporary political situation may be, it has at least one redeeming quality. It offers an almost continuous panorama of surprises. A presidency that had lapsed into an abyss of dull, unromantic routine suddenly springs into an exciting, even alarming vitality. A judicial department that had pursued an unruffled, stolid course for seventy-five years finds itself, overnight, fighting behind the breastworks for its very life. And now a Congress that for a generation has been ridiculed for its commonplace mentality, its lack of literary grace and independent thought, is eulogized on every hand for the production of a great state paper.* The document embodies all the qualities for which the legislative chamber has been long pilloried as deficient. It displays courage, dignity, high conscience, a determination to place the national interest above the personal concerns of its authors. It emphasizes the rights Congress possesses under the Constitution. It discloses a stiffening of backbone against executive encroachment and a statesmanlike grasp of the meaning of American life. "Senate Report No. 711, 75th Congress, 1st Session" astonishes the nation in perhaps an even more startling regard. Such a formidable title hardly suggests a piece of writing that may be described as literature. A report on the "Reorganization of the Federal Judiciary" is the last place one would look for sound, hard-hitting English, epigrammatic phraseology, irony of an almost Swiftian bitterness, ridicule all the stronger for its restraint, and even personal portraiture.

In this the Report only revives a fine American tradition. Few nations have as great a political literature as the United States. Our lack of poets and dramatists of first rank is somewhat compensated by works in the field of political theory of such writers as Madison, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, Webster, Marshall, Calhoun, Lincoln—these names by no means exhaust the list. At a moment when the decline of intellectual distinction in American public life is so generally deplored, a paper issues from the Senate worthy of being placed side by side with these monuments of the past.

Plenty of material is piling up these days for some future historian of the Supreme Court. Such a student will picture the present crisis as one of the most exciting in the annals of that tribunal. The latest episode has the same appeal that makes Jefferson's battle with the Judiciary one of the liveliest chapters in political history. It involves not only constitutional principles and the fate of parties but personal antagonisms. It is a "fight" between strong and determined men. Writers of the future who turn to the present report for light on the struggle of 1937 will find it particularly illuminating on this personal side. In it they will read the character of President Roosevelt, drawn by several of the leaders of his own party. This gives it a literary value usually lacking in documents of the kind, for the figure of the Executive stands forth in this congressional argument as vitally as does the hero in an epic poem. The portrait is not friendly; not improbably it is incomplete and unfair; but the characterization is an indelible one, and must be considered in any attempt to appraise the iconoclast now heading the American government. Contemporary judgments are not infallible; posterity frequently reverses them; but to the analysts of any historic leader the opinions of his own time have prime importance. And here is a picture of Franklin Roosevelt as outlined by influential Democratic leaders at the most crucial moment of his career. They see in him a "devious" executive who, under the pretense of reforming the judicial system, is seeking to overturn a constitution under which the nation has lived for a hundred and fifty years.

The gentlemen who wrote this Report give the President little credit for sincerity. They do not think that he is trying to "infuse new blood" into the Court, to make that body more accessible to poor litigants, to stop the law's delay, to end the abuses of injunction, even to reform judicial review. The presidential bill accomplishes none of these ends. All such advertised purposes, says the Report, are mere pretense. The Executive is really seeking to change the American system of government. His aim is to concentrate all power in the hands of the Executive. He has already formulated the legislation that an obedient Congress is expected to pass as preliminary to his new order. Athwart this programme of Revolution stands the Judiciary. Therefore it is to be swept away, or, what is the same thing, reduced to impotence and presidential control.

The accusation is one of the most formidable ever framed against an American President. It makes this Senate pronunciamento a challenge. It thus rises to the dignity of political drama. As a result, American politics takes on a higher quality than it has exhibited in many years. The Senate Committee champions the great principle of continuity in national life. It insists that there are such things as standards in the political order, as in other things; that changes, while desirable and inevitable in a constantly advancing world, should be made deliberately, even slowly, not precipitately or capriciously—not, in Washington's phrase, by "usurpation." In the hurly-burly of contemporary Washington these Senators—practically all of them, as well as their large following in Congress, of the modern progressive, even "liberal" school—inject a few phrases that may well become the "slogans" of the impending struggle. "Constitutional democracy moves forward with certainty rather than speed." "Progress is not a mad mob march; rather it is a steady invincible stride."

Wide World

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE AFTER A WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE—*From left, Senators Hatch, McCarran, Neely, Hughes, McGill.*

* Senate, 75th Congress, 1st Session. Report No. 711. Reorganization of the Federal Judiciary. June 7.

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English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: I

LET us begin with a hypothesis: the complete novelist will dissipate no energy on material irrelevant to his novel, and the perfect reader will never be aware of the processes by which his consent to the novel he is reading is maintained. Both terms of the hypothesis are chimerical. No novel has ever gone to press with all the waste matter removed, the chips and dust and shavings completely swept away. No one has ever read a novel through in a mood of pure belief—that is, without his attention ever turning from the novel to the process of its composition. Yet if we assume the terms and talk about them as true we may come to some interesting and even useful conclusions about fiction. Much of our study, all the first part of it, must deal with technique, a limited and humble matter. But to study the techniques of an art is not a bad way to begin studying the art itself, and if we cannot expect this path to lead to metaphysical conclusions, at least we may hope to perceive some of the necessary conditions of the art of fiction and something of the relationship between a novelist and his readers.

A celebrated scientist whom I know once broke the calm of a Vermont Sunday by hurling the novel he had been reading—then and since much praised in the reviews—into the lake and shouting in passionate denunciation, "The man is a fool." The man was no fool but my friend's disturbance proved that in at least one passage he was an unskillful novelist. Most readers do not take their fiction so much to heart, and not all novelists lapse far enough to provoke such violence even if they did. But everyone who reads novels sometimes feels the same emotion in the form of a vague dissatisfaction. The reader's attention wanders from the novel to the world outside his window, or he slips from the fictitious scene on the page before him to some reverie of his own—what has happened? His interest in the book begins to be replaced by a feeling of discomfort which he does not relate to either the story or the characters who compose it but which resembles his uneasiness when a familiar song is sung off key—what is going wrong? At a moment of formal intensity in the novel, instead of responding to it with intensified emotions of his own, he feels unmoved or, worse still, he feels a kind of antagonism or superiority—why? He finishes the book and reports to a friend that it is stupid, clumsy, or inept—what does that verdict mean? Or part way through he comes to a passage which irritates him so much that, because earlier passages have also annoyed him, he quits reading—wherein has the novelist failed?

Any answer to such questions must be complex. Readers differ, novelists differ, materials differ in kind and in degree, and there are accidents of interest and also such factors as timeliness and purpose. But whatever allowance must be made for such matters, an answer to any of our questions must also consider something involved in all of them, the skill of the novelist. A novelist may write about any subject that interests him in any way that he chooses to, but his primary job is to keep the reader reading. Our questions are really variants of a single one: how does he do, or fail to do, his job?

Technique is a mere word; it describes the means which a novelist employs in order to do what he has undertaken to do, in order to achieve in detail the purpose he has set himself in general. Some novelists arrive at technical procedure by deliberate, objective calculation; with others it is only in the smallest degree conscious. Properly a reader is not aware of it at all, or aware of it only in the most general, least analytical way, and even if he should phrase such questions as we have asked, which God forbid, he is not likely to think of them as technical. A novelist reading the work of another novelist must constantly feel an interest purely of the workshop, the interest of any workman in considering how he himself would have solved these problems and done this job. Such a professional interest, however, is antagonistic to the one which alone justifies the novel, and the lay reader is the better off as he is the more completely free of it.

Yet any reader's interest in any novel is secured and maintained by technical means, and in fact, however innocent he may be of technical ideas, he is constantly expressing technical judgments. The man who, on finishing "Gone with the Wind," remarks that it is too long, has delivered an opinion on technique and on nothing else. He is still more technical when he objects to a novelist's use of coincidence or to his solving a problem of the novel by implausible or unnatural means. And when he criticizes the behavior of a character in one scene on the ground that it is inconsistent with what earlier scenes have shown the character to be, he may occasionally be accusing the novelist of defective intelligence or dull perceptions, but far more often he is speculating about one of the most intricate technical problems in the writing of fiction.

These are technical judgments in fact, though the reader does not so understand them. He reports the effect of fiction on him; he does not analyze the means by which the effect has been produced. He may tell you that Sinclair Lewis is too thorough or too detailed; he does not consider how many details would suffice or how thorough would be thorough enough. He may say that a given passage of Thomas Wolfe's is long-winded or has no point; he does not determine where it should have stopped or how it missed its point or what point is missed. He may praise Hemingway's dialogue as natural without wondering what naturalness in dialogue consists of, or admire the crescent horror in an episode of Faulkner's without thinking of the structure that upholds it. Technique, the means to the end, need not and properly should not exist for him; he is concerned only with its objectives.

But the actual writing of a novel involves the continuous solution of technical problems. The novelist may deal with them critically according to theory, forthrightly according to experience and habit, or unthinkingly according to his instinct and feeling—but he must solve them. It is not argued here that they are his most important considerations but only that they are a continuous one and that the relation between novelist and reader which they involve is a governing condition of fiction.

The task of the novelist is to momentarily persuade the reader that what is happening on the page is an actual event occurring to people who are formed and governed like those he knows, and who feel, think, and behave in ways which he accept as proper to them in the circumstances, consistent with life and events as he understands them, and harmonious with the special form of life and events that the novel describes. I have phrased it in this way to show what Conrad's famous definition omits, "to make you hear, to make you feel . . . before all, to make you *see*." That is all very well, but it leaves out the inner logic of the thing heard, felt, and seen, and, what is more important, it leaves out the dynamic quality, the engagement of the reader in that logic. More flatly, the task is to make you hear, feel, and see only as a way of making you believe; it may involve none of them and is greater than their

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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sum. The task is to ally you with the events of the page and with the relation of the characters to them in such a way that for the moment their logic and emotion are binding on you.

This is formidable language for simple things. Let us return to that vague dissatisfaction which the reader of a novel sometimes feels. He has been reading with acceptance and belief, which means that the relationship between him and the novelist has been satisfactory. Then, suddenly or slowly, his engagement with the logic and emotion of the novel is impaired. What he is reading has lost some of its validity, has become doubtful, mystifying, opaque, or untrustworthy. Or he feels, still more simply, that something has gone wrong with it. He may feel no active rejection or even distrust: he may feel only a kind of resistance. He may endure it and go on, in the expectation that things will right themselves, but obviously the novel has become ineffective. The flow has been interrupted, the illusion has been broken, the reader has slipped out of his engagement, what he feels is not produced of but occasioned by the book. And just as obviously, a moment of hesitation that does not last long enough to produce resistance is also an impairment.

Such a hesitation or resistance commonly means a failure or insufficiency in technique. Most clearly phrased, then, our original question is this: how do technical devices go wrong and what happens when they do? The question leads to central problems of fiction, and any answer to it, however incomplete, should make clear a good deal about modern fiction, modern novelists, and modern readers.

This is the first of a series of related editorials in which the editor of The Saturday Review *discusses the technique, psychology, and criticism of fiction.*

Letters to the Editor: *Readers Define "Literature"*

What Is Literature?

SIR:—Last year I became interested in knowing what books were justified in being referred to as "literature," and paid a dollar to get an ad placed in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* in which I asked their readers the question: "What makes a book great literature?" Among the answers, the most simple and direct was one mailed from Far Rockaway, on August 13th, at 1:30 P.M., where without signature, or punctuation, the two words "THE READER" were spelled out in black ink. Another, not quite so anonymous person—he or she at least signed initials—from Nashville, Tenn., was more articulate, and thought it was presumptuous to refer to modern writing as literature, because the term was only justified, after something he called "Time" had ripened the thing. So, literature would be like wine, if that's the case: and becomes richer—or else turns to vinegar—with age. A third answer, mailed from Madison Square Station, New York, August 7th, and signed by the imposing names of "Euripides Dante Byron Goethe," told me the answer in these words: "Only that which speaks of a great love can be great literature; and such literature can only be composed by a MAN, and only after he himself has experienced a great love." There was another statement, wherein he, she, or they explained why "modern scribblers" fail to make "literature," and make instead, merely "books," or else "Books." But now, it seems that Dr. Canby, in his article, "The Threatening Thirties," says that what constitutes "literature," is merely "the books being widely read by intelligent readers." How widely read, however (even by "intelligent readers"), are the plays of Shakespeare, the writings of Goethe, the poetry of Milton, the blend of history, literature, and poetry in the Bible, etc.? If they are not being "widely read by intelligent readers," would that make them not literature? A rule ought to work both ways: if the mere reading by great numbers of people, as in best sellers, is all that constitutes literature, then ought not the failure to be read widely, remove it from the class of literature? Then, is there some other term, by which those of us who prefer Literature, to merely "best sellers"—regardless of how well advertised—how well sponsored—how well published and publicized—may refer to the group of writings that justify classification as Enduring Literature? Or, is there an enduring, and a transient, in literature?

J. G. MOORE.

Hollywood, Cal.

More on "The Outward Room"

SIR:—"The Outward Room" is not a convincing case study because Mr. Brand implies rather than logically constructs an emotional situation out of which evolved Harriet's twisted mind.

As a novel it likewise leaves much to be desired because Harriet never really seems important enough or intriguing enough as a personality, sane or insane, to justify the time spent in learning about her from Mr. Brand.

LILLIA FERRIN.

Columbus, Ohio.

SIR:—After reading "The Outward Room" in the light of the boundless enthusiasm and occasional animosity of the critics, I would like to congratulate Paula Snelling on the temperate and just criticism which she wrote for the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

Her contention that the style of the book is too simple to overcome the shrinking of the average reader from the psychology of the abnormal aptly sums up its weakness.

Indubitably the originality of Mr. Brand's work and its vivid quality have won for him, as she claims, a place "in the front ranks among America's promising novelists."

ELLEN S. MATHER.

Chicago, Ill.

Ethical Culture

SIR:—Tell Amram Scheinfeld that the two boys he saw arguing in front of Ethical Culture School, whom he portrays in his cartoon on June 19th, were not boasting of the literary achievements of their respective fathers.

One boy was saying: "My father just got a letter from Lou Gehrig."

And the other fellow said: "I don't believe it, but my father helped me get the autograph of Bob Feller when it rained at the Yankee Stadium."

That's the truth of the matter, and I know, for one of my sons had to take Lou Gehrig's letter to school to convince the doubters, and the Feller autograph is authentic.

AN INDIGNANT ETHICAL PAPA.

New York City.

"MY MOTHER WON'T LET ME JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB."

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Redheaded Reporter

The Story of Westbrook Pegler, Who Took His First Newspaper Job at Sixteen, Became a Foreign Correspondent, Later a Sports Writer, and Now a Daily Columnist Who Reaches 5,600,000 Readers

BY GEORGE BRITT

TWELVE years ago Westbrook Pegler made a change that meant the great difference in his life. He quit the United Press and went to the *Chicago Tribune* as a sports columnist, which included syndication of his writings around the country to papers sufficiently prosperous to buy high-priced features. Instead of being merely an item in the run-of-mine wire report, he became a touted and exploited star.

Pegler of course had been recognized by the United Press as one of its brightest writers and he had risen to be night sports editor. By tireless arguments he had pushed up his salary to a fabulous $125 a week. But the United Press had started him off in 1910 as a very raw kid, 16 years old and as freckled as a guinea egg, and that was hard to live down. The *Tribune* wanted to double his pay immediately, and when he accepted, his old boss at the U. P. became indignant and accused him of personal disloyalty.

Ambitious and a hard worker, Pegler dreamed of a way out in those days through fiction, and it was a high encouragement to him in 1925 when he sold his first short story, called "Palooka," to *Liberty*. His wife, he confessed proudly, had made him write it over seventeen times before she let him send it in to the magazine. "Palooka" is also his last short story. He left that art behind.

In those days Pegler had a beanpole figure, and although one of the ranking men on the U. P. staff, he wasn't any too sure of himself. It was that rather self-consciously happy-go-lucky reporter, the young Pegler, who served as the model, or the largest element in the composite, for "Young Man of Manhattan," by Katharine Brush.

Pegler today is still "Peg" to nearly everyone and "Buddy" to a familiar few. He is friendly and approachable; with his hate for stuffed shirts and phonies it would take many more years before he could ever strut. But he has grown up, has taken on bulk of body and of mind. He doesn't wiggle through the crowd like a cub getting to a fire, he has found that the crowd will make way. He launches his own conversations about questions that worry him and to which he has an opinionated approach. His talk isn't speedy or breezy but on the quiet order, kept alive by phrases that click and yarns from a tar-bucket memory. And he is a good listener. In dress he might be Jimmie Walker. The freckles don't show on his face now, and except for the sag of wrinkles under his eyes he has the cared-for appearance of a girl fresh from the beauty parlor. His eyes are the important thing—clear, bold blue eyes that would stop you in the street. He has changed into a personage.

This Pegler is the newspaper columnist who probably has come nearest of any of them the last couple of years to being a common denominator of the United States. He gives voice to the private personal feelings of the average man, blurts them out whether they sound well or not, asks questions out loud that make people uncomfortable but which, just the same, one would like to have answered. Whatever his side may be, he jumps in with both feet.

He was the redheaded reporter who went to an assignment at Buckingham Palace during the war wearing an old tweed cap, and kept it on in the King's presence. He went back to Europe in the winter of 1935-36 and did a travelogue in the cockiest American manner of anyone since Mark Twain, whether you like it or not. He is the notoriously slow and careful writer, putting in the zip by doing it over again, always the last man out of the press coop when he was covering ball games. He is the private citizen who has been carrying on personal war with the income tax collector, and whose agitation against tax exemption of state salaries resulted in a special corrective act of the New York Legislature this year. Pegler is the one who disappointed the liberals by his attacks on Upton Sinclair and made them love him for his reports on Huey Long. And to his ears it is no praise to be told he writes literature. He would rather be called a newspaper man than anything else.

His column in ninety-four papers speaks to a daily circulation of more than 5,600,000. When he was first offered by the United Features in December, 1933, on his return to the Scripps-Howard concern from the *Chicago Tribune*, many newspapers bought him with the idea that he would write sports, and then dropped him when he didn't. Last year they started coming back, and his circulation today is the largest he had had.

In the bookkeeping set-up of his job he works for the *New York World-Telegram* and the syndication is extra. Theoretically his column must be in the office every afternoon at 4 o'clock. The *World-Telegram* edits his copy—for although he gets a free rein, he is under alert suspicion on points of libel—then passes it on to the United Features uptown. Once a year, perhaps, a column of his is killed entirely.

Usually Pegler sends in his copy by telegraph from New Canaan, Conn., where he lives in the country. He likes it there away from the city, getting exercise in the open air by throwing a basball or swimming, making telephone calls to check his facts, with his wife nearby to read his stuff and criticize it. He respects her as a newspaper man as good as himself; she used to be Julia Harpman of the *Daily News* and they met while covering the Elwell murder.

Pegler was born in Minneapolis on August 2, 1894. His father, Arthur James Pegler, was and is a famous reporter, and still is the son's hero. The father moved on to Chicago, eventually came to New York, is on the *Daily Mirror* staff today, and was actively at work until an illness a few months ago. The boy heard newspaper talk at home in his first conscious moments. His brother became a newspaper man, then a movie publicity man. As young as he could, Pegler tagged after his father on stories, then landed with the United Press in Chicago as office boy with added duties as "pony transmitter." That meant dictating into a telephone a

WESTBROOK PEGLER (LEFT) IN A MUNICH BEER STUBE WITH PAUL GALLICO

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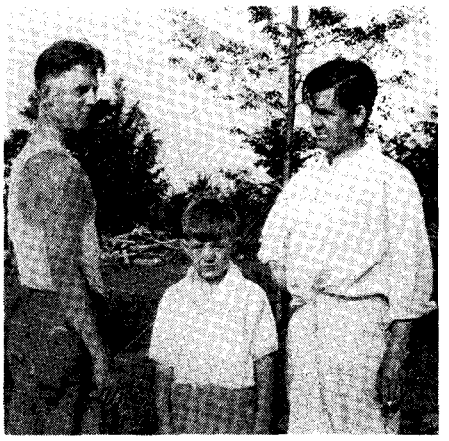
condensed or "pony" report of the news for a circuit of small papers connected on the same wire. Soon he was demanding more money. "I won't give it to you," said the bureau manager, "but I'll give you some advice. If you ever want to be a newspaper man, you'll have to go back to school."

And, quite earnestly, the boy did go back for a couple of years to Loyola Academy. In 1912 he worked two weeks for the International News Service as extra help for the Republican National Convention, thereby witnessing the great Bull Moose split. In those days he was wanting to be a cartoonist, too, and sketched industriously. At the convention he made friends with "Tad" Dorgan and sought encouragement. "Tad" took a glance at the sketches and handed them back with, "Isn't there anything else you can do?" Soon the United Press was willing to try him again. A job was found for him, for the experience, on the *Des Moines News,* and then he had a turn through the U. P. bureaus in St. Louis and Texas. The war was forcing expansion, and the youngster got experience fast. He was developing as a reporter. And by 1916, when he was 22, the U. P. took a chance and sent this green, brash lad, on fire with curiosity, to re-enforce the staff in London.

That was the beginning of a prolonged stay in hot water. First he had trouble with the War Office. Pegler had noticed that sometimes the official communiqués reported that the British held superiority in the air over the western front, and sometimes they didn't mention it. So at the next weekly press conference when Major General Sir Frederick F. B. Maurice, chief of operations, was silent about the air, young Pegler came out with a question. The general ignored him, but the effect was painful. Pegler hadn't wanted to be rude, but he was interested. He repeated his question the next week, and then a third time. After that, by official request, someone else was sent to the weekly conferences with General Maurice. When the United States entered the war, Pegler lost little time getting in bad with Admiral Sims and, next, with General Pershing. In all three incidents he was right as could be. Nevertheless, he was about to be sent home. So he joined the navy in Liverpool in the spring of 1918 and served out the war in uniform. His buffeting from the brass hats was a sore subject with him, and for two years afterward he felt so embarrassed he wouldn't let his name be signed to stories.

He went into sports writing, by his own account, because he noticed that the big salaries on newspapers usually were paid to the sports men. He got out of it by accident. It was during his last year with the *Chicago Tribune*, near the close of the Hoover administration. His managing editor, E. S. Beck, for whom he preserves an affectionate and filial warmth, invited



MR. PEGLER—*with his nephew and his brother, Jack A. Pegler.*

him to a Gridiron Club dinner in Washington. There being no sports events in sight that week in Washington, he filled his daily space with impressions of politics, then went back to New York. The next day's orders from Chicago rushed him back to the capital to write more politics, and it was six months before he mentioned sports again.

Pegler made his debut as a *World-Telegram* columnist on a Monday early in December, 1933. He was getting more money, but he shivered at the plunge. Two days later, on Wednesday, appeared his famous column in justification of a lynching in California. It brought him to his all-time record for unpopularity and the receipt of brickbats. He was back in hot water again, and it must have made him feel right at home. But he has no rhinoceros hide, and it doesn't take a long conversation with him now to discover that the experience still smarts.

Not until his trip to Europe two years later did Pegler recoup his lost prestige fully. But when he finally laid down his drum-fire on Mussolini and Hitler, thousands of his haters decided to give him another chance. Can he go back, after what he said about the dictators? Certainly he can return to Italy, for he has been invited, the official attitude being that he needs to see fascism better in order to like it more. On the other hand, the German press officials said he might return for the Olympic Games on one condition—that Avery Brundage of the American committee should censor his writings. Pegler said No.

Pegler's book of selected columns, "'Tain't Right," is highly revealing as well as frequently autobiographical. He included in the book, of course, his lynching story which made so much trouble. He stands on his record. He starts the book off with his good-humored piece about the cathedral pigeons. It happens to be his favorite. And that is significant, because by nature he is not cantankerous but a very warm and fun-loving person.

George Britt is an editorial writer on the New York World-Telegram, *and the author of "Forty Years—Forty Millions," a book on Frank Munsey.*

Chinese Stories

LIVING CHINA. Edited by Edgar Snow. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART

THIS book deserves to be read by those who value that rare thing, a living, vital expression of struggle and growth. Perhaps there is no greater testimony to the creative mind than that out of the set forms of Chinese literature should have come such stories as these, freed from the pedantry which has blighted the last few centuries of Chinese writing. The younger writers of today have turned their backs on the now sterile expressions of their classics and have used the simple, pregnant speech of the people to picture honestly and truly the China of today. In story after story I felt myself back in China, absorbed into the modern China scene—that dramatic emergence of the individual out of the solidarity of the clan. For these are primarily stories of protest of the individual against a social order.

These Chinese authors are deeply identified with the struggles of their characters. Almost all of them are the victims of the social order they picture—a social order cruel because it has been clung to when it no longer fits the people's needs. The stories have neither humor nor objective understanding. Such detachment would be incongruous to stories written in pain, as these are. An almost tangible melancholy overlays them, and a strong note of fatalism. The cumulative effect is to rouse in one a great sense of compassion and pity for this generation in China, rebellious against the iron code of the past and fearful of the unfamiliar patterns of the future.

"Wistaria and Dodder" and "Dilemma," both written by men, are delicate psychological studies of a man's rebellion against a society which ties him for life to a woman he does not love. "Slave Mother" and "Benediction," a little more cumbersome in technique, but written with great clarity, reveal the tragic bewilderment of women loaned by their husbands to other men long enough to bear children, and then brought home, robbed of their place in either family.

Two stories in the book, curiously enough the only two stories written by women, have a much more universal appeal. "The Flood" might have been written about the peasants of any country caught in the impersonal mechanics of nature in upheaval. "Fragments from a Lost Diary" is to to me the most penetrating story in the collection, and the most unusual. But the whole collection might well be coveted by the people of any nation.

Alice Tisdale Hobart is the author of two novels laid in China, "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "Yang and Yin."

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How Do You Doodle?

EVERYBODY'S PIXILLATED. By Russell M. Arundel. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $1.25.

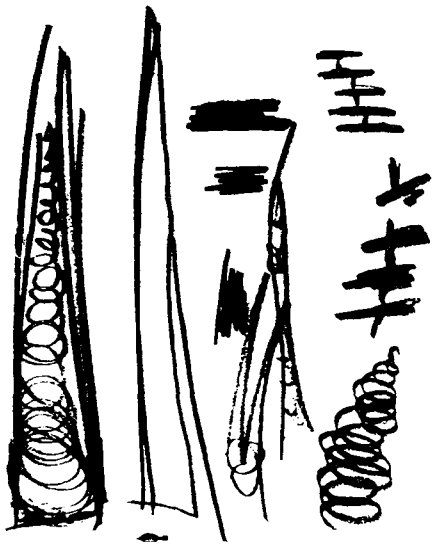
Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

IN the early witchburning days of the nation the victim was generally accused of being "touched," or "touched in the head." The phrase had a specific application meaning a visitation of the Devil or communion with the spirits of evil. The modern, or Metro-Goldwyn, word for this condition is "pixillated." It was coined by the movies and made its first public appearance in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Its derivation is structurally obvious. It is based on the word pixie and as such has lost much of its original sinister connotation. Today it has nothing to do with diabolism, but rather with disorder. It implies a bemused condition of the mind whereby the owner is impregnated with a kind of mischievous fantasy, a mixture of humor and cunning.

Mr. Arundel, a Washington newspaperman, advances the thesis that everybody is manifestly pixillated to a degree, and that the manifestation takes the form of doodles. Doodles are the strange designs found on scratch pads, paper napkins, table cloths, and white surfaces in general. They represent a form of automatic writing during a period of preoccupation, such as talking over the phone, listening to speeches, and staring out of windows. Some years ago Mr. Arundel became engrossed in the subject and began a collection of doodles. As he lived in Washington, the idle scribblings of distinguished men and women were accessible. He borrowed, begged, and stole, and now presents the cream of his collection in book form.

He developed the theory, after talking to doctors and psychologists, that these aimless designs are accurate blueprints of the subconscious mind; that they reveal in extraordinary light the character of the individual; and that they should be regarded scientifically and seriously. His publisher reproduces fascimiles of the doodles and, underneath, the author of each particular group. In addition, Mr. Arundel records his own interpretation and analysis. The doodles include an infinite variety of designs, words, numbers, names, sketches, and plans, some sharply significant, the majority irrelevant and loosely constructed.

One of George Washington's favorite doodles was a checkered design similar to those found on taxicabs a few years ago, the alternate squares being filled in with ink. They were taken from the General's copybook now in the Library of Congress. They revealed, according to Mr. Arundel, a character that was "meticulous, generous, studious, well-balanced; and neat to the point of fastidiousness." The doodles of successive presidents showed that Jefferson's interest in secret codes was reflected in his absent-minded scribbling; that Theodore Roosevelt liked to draw ships, thus earning from Mr. Arundel the designation of "a dreamer." Warren G. Harding frequently drew a picture of a hand, but whether human or poker, the author neglects to state. Coolidge when abstracted made hundreds of little dots or periods, doubtless indicating a tendency toward short sentences, with, perhaps, a preference for no sentences at all. Mr. Hoover's doodles are a chaotic tracery of criss-cross lines and concentric circles. They are not dated, but were probably conceived c. 1930-1931 when things weren't going any too well. The doodles of the Duke of Windsor, executed as Prince of Wales, disclose a consistent pattern of right triangles. Mr. Arundel deduces a pronounced condition of claustrophobia. But the designs lend themselves to further analysis in the light of recent events. Taking Mrs. Simpson as the hypotenuse of the triangle, Stanley Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury as the



DOODLE BY JOHN L. LEWIS
"Analysis: Determined. Self-Confident. Stubborn."

other two sides, it becomes immediately obvious that the Prince was confronted with a problem that was plainly Pythagorean. Thus:

$$\text{SIMPSON}^2 = \text{CANTERBURY}^2 + \text{BALDWIN}^2$$

It appears, however, to have been beyond the resolution of the Royal geometry.

We learn further that the subconscious scribblings of John L. Lewis "are nearly always the result of crossing out something," but never contain the letters C, I, or O in immediate juxtaposition. In the Senatorial group we find that Dr. Royal S. Copeland spends most of his idle time writing his own name with heavy flourishes. Finally Mr. Arundel includes a doodle chart by which it is possible to determine individual traits.

What are your pixillations? Do you run to rhomboids, tit-tat-toe, numbers, letters, smudges, or blots? Do you fill in your O's? What have you been doing about your T's? How do *you* doodle?

Prophets

WHAT IS AHEAD OF US? By G. D. H. Cole, Sir Arthur Salter, Wickham Steed, Sidney Webb, P. M. S. Blackett, and Lancelot Hogben. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

DISCUSSING neither the remote future nor the middle distance these recent Fabian Lectures are concerned primarily with what may take place in the next five or ten years. G. D. H. Cole answers the question: "Can Capitalism Survive?" in the affirmative, an answer in which quite clearly the wish is *not* father to the thought. So far as economic forces alone are concerned he thinks it can survive in both democratic and fascist states, but this prediction, like all others made by our six modern prophets, is conditioned by the possibility, nay probability, of another world war. Mr. Cole does not love capitalism the more because, to use his own words, it is such a "tough guy"; indeed the most serious defect in his otherwise well reasoned lecture is his failure to analyze this same quality of toughness. Sir Arthur Salter's discussion of economic nationalism is already familiar to the American public through his Swarthmore lectures of a year ago. Wickham Steed presents a rather elementary account of the rise of the Russian, Italian, and German dictatorships in the course of which he makes the following somewhat naive remark regarding Hitler: "Though I was in Vienna during the whole time he was there, I never met him because he lived in a doss-house all the time." How sad!

The lecture on Soviet Communism by Sidney Webb brings his and Mrs. Webb's monumental work in this field down to date, including the new constitution of that country and the "angry condemnation to death of successive blocks of traitors." The latter as "sputters of new revolution" he manages to swallow without turning a hair. Like most of the other lecturers who deal with the subject, P. M. S. Blackett condemns the recent foreign policy of the British ruling class as "stupid in relation to its own interests"—"disastrous to the interests of democracy." Further they agree that Hitler is the great menace but differ as to whether he will strike east or west. Perhaps the most interesting and original of the six lectures is that by Lancelot Hogben who asks and answers pessimistically the question: "Can the Human Race Survive?" He is concerned not so much with "death controllers of Hitler's kidney" as with "birth controllers" whose errors, he maintains, have corrupted socialist thought as well as capitalist practice.

For all such books as "What is Ahead of Us?" time is the only competent reviewer. Meanwhile one may approve its general intelligence and sobriety..

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The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

New York, One Way

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following was written for a luxurious official announcement or prothonotary album, elephantine folio in size (19 x 24 inches), which was sent to heads of governments, ambassadors and supertycoons, by the N. Y. World's Fair 1939 Corporation. There have been various requests to put the piece in less monstrous form. The Green offers it here, abbreviated, as a memorandum for explorers in New York during the summer season of Visit and Search.*]

A MILE from where I sit (in a pinewood cabin on Long Island) the road rises to a hill. From that wide ridge, a twenty-mile glimpse, I see in clear weather the blue and opal sierra of Manhattan. I say to myself: I wonder what the Colossians are doing today? Once, like St. Paul, I even wrote an Epistle to the Colossians; and, like him, got no reply. But it was Paul who best expressed my subtle feeling when the car whirls up the slope and I see those distant splinters glitter toward morning. "I am with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order . . . the head of all principality and power."

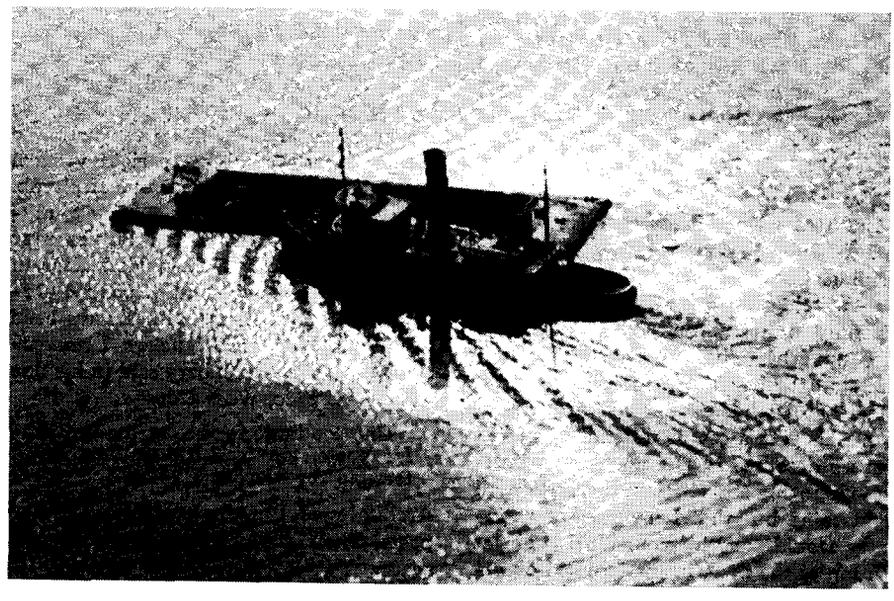
Only a mile away. Three minutes in the car and I could pause on that open bellevue and puzzle my skull with wonders. As I see that spiry outline cut against pale distance I imagine the whole human cordillera spread open in strata for my joy. I visualize publishers publishing, brokers broking, bus conductors snapping up fares with the little jingling dime-gadget, newspapers finding some sensation for this afternoon, tugboat hands in the galley at their enormous early lunch. I see elevators, taxies, subway trains careering in yellow light, people answering telephones, people thick on the broad sunny pavements at Fifth Avenue and 42nd. (There are pavements along The Avenue where by some accident of silica or quartz the sidewalk spangles beneath your feet, scintillates and twinkles.) Are all these things real and I not there to see? Principality and power are there, people and palaver; all the marvellous edges and verticals, waiting for the smallest change of my volition. Now, as I sit here, they are only phantom: the green grape arbor, the yellow woodland, the whispering fire on the hearth, are my reality. By the miserable irony of all the arts, I deny myself the actual to summon up the dream. And New York lies back on her haunches—like the proud lions at the Public Library—just waiting to be signalled. Waiting to perform for me; waiting to thrill, dazzle, terrify, enchant; for who (it is the cry of every true lover) —who knows her as I?

A ring on the telephone—forty minutes on the train—and I could change her whole pattern for the day. Never mind how small the change; the world would be, to that same extent, everlastingly other. And if, on the sudden impulse, I *did* take the Long Island train, I know what I would think. As the cars come rocketing nearer those looming tiers of height, before we plunge into the cellar of Manhattan, I would vaguely remember a grand passage in De Quincey (a journalist who was not afraid of his finest feelings). Carried in "The English Mail Coach" he made swifter prose of its fifteen miles an hour than some of us can do at ten times the speed. In the Dream Fugue of that extraordinary essay he saw a city of trance, of opium if you will, which was the Manhattan men see from Long Island:—

> In the first minute it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude. In the third minute already, we were entering its suburbs. On every side, towers and turrets that strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses.

But this quiet day I hold her at a distance. I turn her this way and that, to see her clear. What is *her* Theme Center? Wasteful of the past, she gambles Futurity. Day, how can I hold you? Already last night's news has gone blaze up my chimney to light this morning's fire. Coming outdoors early I found a fallen dragonfly cold on a garden stone, numb with the first night's frost. I put him on the sun-dial to study those crystal wings, and hoped meridian would revive him. At lunch he was gone, like my eager morning light. So with New York. As we draw breath she alters. By the hour these words are in print they seem elderly in sentiment. Even her daylight changes faster than elsewhere. It jets a thousand slopes and angles on every piebald street. Her sunset, prismed through such perpendiculars, has almost Andes tint. The crosstown byways, cut so deep, are shadowed soonest; we forget that her summits later than all others hold the slipping sun. Light is her monogram; she signs it again with brilliance all her own. "How great a bonfire the savages of New York kindle for their evening meal!"

Carbon monoxide, they tell me, is deadliest, because it has no odor, color, taste. It is impalpable and unguessed until too late. And so is Time, the monoxide of the mind. Is the city unwittingly poisoned with that euthanasia? If so, it is peace. In New York all sense of time seems wiped away. The city has never stood still long enough—in my learning of her—to give any feeling of haste by contrast. As in an airplane, we float. She is synchronized with the flow of the age. Easy, easy, swims the great liner up our olive-silvered river. Obedient and thick, our treacling flow of traffic. If excess of Time fell on us, like some dim soft blizzard, we would bend every municipal thew to clear the ways. I can see the ingenious tractors, knifing and scooping great drifts of it up endless belting. Into the river, that melts all! But say what you will, I find no trace of hurry. The stream that



"HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED." (*Photo Rey Biemiller*)

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nears Niagara runs deep and deadly. It is too late to hurry now.

Once I visited a watch factory. I brought away with me a box of tiny assorted parts—minuscule cogs and wheels and spindles, starry spores and germs of Time. I felt that in this prickly debris, pawnbroken jewelries of the moment, was something mortal. A lesson, surely, if I were nimble enough to guess it. But I am always at the foot of my own class. It was an Inside Job for the mind; too far in. I couldn't put them together, even mentally, into one conscious tick.

I was wondering how—equally impossible—I could reassemble some of the delicate fractured moments New York has given me, into one integer of homage. Moments broken and irregular: I have been mostly her lover, not her spouse. Nothing, you would have said, either in me or her, fitted us for each other. But we know; we have our secrets.

Where would I go, this champion afternoon, if someone gave me a walletful of hours; hours of gilt October, so dear because so brief. Over Brooklyn Bridge, very likely—starting from the Brooklyn end so as to see the first glamors of the dusk. Pausing, before the Bridge, at the grotesquely ugly tablet on the house where New York's greatest poet with his own inkstained hands set type for *Leaves of Grass*. On the Bridge itself would be a good place to read Walt's "Song of the Exposition," written for another World's Fair in 1876—one of the oddest of his outbursts; showing not only some of his seldom humor but saying the wise word:—

Come Muse migrate from Greece and Ionia,
Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts.

Would it not be thrilling to have Old Walt with us on the Bridge? to show him (whether in building or bookshop) that the Muse *did* forsake the classic theme and on our own soil start something of our own. There's no one I'd rather see that sight with; there's no one whose nerve and blood so earned it. To read that poem carefully, smiling here and there but putting yourself into the mood of 1876, is one way of getting ready for 1939.

But the private jokes that New York and I have together would make queer reading. She gets weary of being gaped at; of being hustled with superlatives. Friendly and communicable she is if you turn upon her what our South American friends call the *Ojo Clinico;* the clinical eye—that is, the examining, diagnosing, eye. She gets a lot of tall talk, and her stature deserves it, but not enough intimate lounging and chaff. In the very small sightseeing bus that I imagine, our itinerary would surprise you. We'd begin at the top of the map, in the Bronx Botanical Garden, where they have a Hemlock Forest; just the place to read the Death of Socrates. Then Trinity cemetery at 155th and Broadway to see the graves of Audubon the bird-painter and Clement Moore, the professor of Hebrew who wrote *The Night Before Christmas.* Nowhere is better to reflect the oddities of destiny. Audubon's best-known memorial is not a bird-sanctuary but a telephone exchange, and his grave is visited only by sparrows. But far overhead you sometimes glimpse the Hudson sea-gulls which patrol the uptown sky. Next I think we'd pick up some visiting Englishman, take him near Barnard College and buy him buckwheat cakes; a courteous reprisal because a lot of unlucky redcoats, a long way from home, perished there (and just about lunch-time, September 16, 1776) when Barnard was a buckwheat field. To emphasize the horrors of war, we'd have a look at Grant's Tomb; and then its humble neighbor the grave of the Amiable Child. Grant, whom history forced to be unamiable on a vast scale, got the bigger monument. While in that neighborhood and of historical mind, we'd go to the Claremont to eat a Napoleon, because Napoleon's brother Joseph Bonaparte once lived there.

Of course I'm not suggesting that anyone else should try to follow my own preposterous itinerary. The important thing is not to ensue other people's sights but to see one's own. I'm only trying to suggest the astonishing emanations of comedy and surprise that rise from this rectangular gridiron of streets. How is it, I often ask myself, that she always has waiting for me, and for everyone, just the chance vision we need? When I come to town I usually emerge from the subway beneath the Public Library. The thought of all those books in their orderly vaults vaguely occupies my mind as I trudge upstairs to 42nd Street. Then, suddenly, I am lifted far above books into the unwritten and the unwritable. The morning sun (at this season) is just then glazing crystal fire on the edge of the Empire State Building. "Euclidean paradise of solids, veined with parallels of silver," my friend Mistletoe once called it. In that ten o'clock angle, the rising light is exactly at an oblique that catches the great perpendicular on tangent. The dazzle seems to bulge the rigid vertical into a burning curve, clear out of plumb. A suggestion for dogmatists, I say to myself: the lifting sun of the Future may show many of our right-angled ideas in a new slope. A new kind of poetry, perhaps. New York herself has always been too slippery for word-fanciers. I remember what Felix Riesenberg said in his fine novel *East Side, West Side*—

> City too large for books, too beautiful for poets, too true for testimony—too terrible for words.

Architects and engineers have been her poets. Their rhymes are up-ended into space.

Chance will make the best choices for the visitor. It might be the corner of West End Avenue and 98th Street, which happens to amuse me because just about there stood the Tree the woodman was asked to Spare, in the poem (exactly a hundred years ago); and once when I paused there (in a snowstorm) to think about that I got the best idea for a story I ever had. The thought you need may be in a second-hand bookstore, or in the nave of the great unfinished Cathedral of St. John, or in the architect's joke on the Bride's Door of St. Thomas's, where he wove the $ into the true-lover's knot. It might be on the proud aeries of Rockefeller Center, or in the old peaceable Grover Cleveland atmosphere of the Murray Hill Hotel. Our own small bus would undoubtedly go all the way down to the Battery to point out Staten Island, largely because it has a village (Richmond) that was once called Cuckoldstown—the husbands, commuting to Manhattan for business, were away from home so long. (The origin of that ancient jape about the cornutation ticket). Thence to the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library at the Seamen's Institute; and the late afternoon light we might spend on a bench in Madison Square in honor of O. Henry. As theme for contemplation, what would he have said to hear that Dr. Parkhurst's church, when removed from Madison Square, was dilapidated stone by stone and re-erected as a newspaper office in Hartford, Conn.

You see, New York and I know, and enjoy each other for knowing, that when a town gets big—really grown up and sure of itself—it doesn't exist simply to stun the tourist with the fatigue of magnificence. In the handsomest hotel lobbies, in the most stainless steel elevators, the universal human passwords are still current. Under her noble vertices and behind her shining front move the interwoven mirth and grievance of an ancient, kindly town. "After all not to create only," said Walt in that same poem, "but to give it our identity." New York, incomparably the most paradoxical of cities, is ill portrayed in most tourist "literature." How terrifying—and how expensive—they love to misrepresent her. Principality and power have not dehumanized her, nor is she all a radio program where everything moves on peremptory rote. I remember that Robert Louis Stevenson once uttered an anguished plea for Gas Lamps. He feared that electric lights, coming on all at once, would rob the evening of its slowly kindling beauty. I wish he could look from our office washroom window and see Rockefeller Center at dusk. In economics as in æsthetics, it's often the things we worry about that don't happen. Americans, a hysterical race, have been busy for several years with all sorts of forebodings and anxieties. If I understand the purpose of this project (the World's Fair), it hopes to look toward the Future, and to take a hack at Fear.

In New York's grammar the participles are active, not passive.

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The Gentleman from Texas

(*Continued from page 4*)

"What in God's name is a nodule?" I said.

"A nodule is—" began Rex.

"Stop! Stop," I shouted. "Don't tell me. Whenever you use a word that I don't understand, it makes me mad. I am an American! The word nodule is not understood by the American people nor is it understood by me, which makes it worse. . . . Besides," I continued, "it sounds like sex perversion."

Then there is a chapter, roughly speaking, in defense of the technique of demagoguery, in which Mr. Maverick describes disposing of an election rival who charged him with living in a brick house, by publicly nominating the traducer, among other insults, for president of the San Antonio Country Club. "All this is undignified and quite demagogic," the statesman admits, but readers of fair political sophistication in their delight with the Maverick brand of demagoguery can imagine the very Comanches whooping at it.

Along with all this exuberance and candor, the gentleman from Texas performs another notable service to his republic—namely the deflation of Congressional ponderosity. When he has solid conclusions to offer on national problems, he omits all "speechifying" verbiage, and does the job in neat indented paragraphs, rarely more than fifty words long and often less than twenty.

I give you two to show what, in a civilization ruled by candid congressmen, Southern statesmen might rise to:

> The houses that I and others built (during a brief contractor phase) were a disgrace to this country. That is the reason the government should subsidize housing. Human beings should not have to live in the rotten habitations handed to them by speculators. . . .
>
> The Negro must be recognized in labor. This can be stated selfishly, for if the Negro is not given economic justice, the white man must go lower and lower too.

No reviewer can guess from this work how Mr. Maverick will rank with the Pulitzer Prize pickers or the 1940 National Conventions, but of one thing I feel reasonably certain: If they are giving out Congressional Medals of Honor this year for the pursuit of the realities and nude grotesqueries of politics above and beyond the calls of decorum and expediency, the gentleman from Texas gets the one with the diamond custard-pie center.

In all this medley of persiflage and pugilistic violence, needless to say, Congressman Maverick's New Deal philosophy is implicit rather than explicit. He wastes no words either in annihilating troglodyte enemies or in defending theses which already have become the bromides of the economics of the late 1930s. You can take your New Deal ideology, the gentleman from Texas lets both friendly and hostile readers assume from his contexts, or you can leave it. There is no effort to win over the irreconcilables by education or argument. If you don't like the Maverick conclusions on tenant farmers or the W.P.A. beneficiaries' will-to-work, all the insinuations run, why aren't you reading Mark Sullivan?

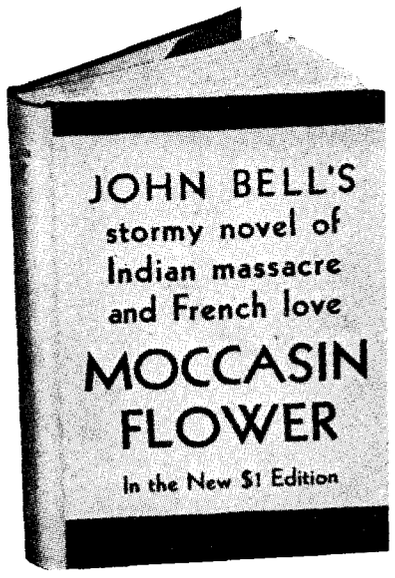
There still remains, of course, the mystery of how a proud and iconoclastic spirit like this could, not so much hail from the late Confederate Bible Belt, but continue to be elected to Congress from the same state which is responsible for that paragon of Bible Belt Galahads, Prohibition's author, Senator Morris Sheppard. But the explanation of this is also contained in the Texas gentleman's insinuations. Now and then Mr. Maverick refers coyly to his emotional affinities with San Antonio's Mexican-American citizens. Once, for example, he relates how as a member of a Texas Chamber of Commerce "good will" expedition to Mexico, he approached a casual citizen on the streets of a Latin metropolis and demanded to be informed.

"Who are the greatest people on earth?"

"They are the greatest people," replied the local philosopher, "who live most scientifically and most conveniently to themselves—"

Such a race of voters is perfectly capable of permitting themselves to be represented indefinitely in Washington even by a congressman with a sense of humor and an original mind. Or should we say, by Capitol Hill's first working gargoyle?

Duncan Aikman, a newspaper man now living in Washington, was from 1921 to 1929 an editorial writer on the El Paso (*Texas*) Times.



THE STORY: Annette, known among the Indians as Moccasin Flower, the beautiful daughter of St. Paul's leading merchant, is the heroine of this historical novel. It is the story of the terrible Sioux uprising in Minnesota in 1862, and of the part played by Annette and her two suitors, Renard, a young Frenchman, and George, a young American army lieutenant, in the massacre at New Ulm.

—Book Review Digest, New York.

VANCOUVER CALLS IT STORMY

Vancouver Daily Province: ". . . action in plenty. . . lively love interest . . . background of treachery and native savagery . . . *stormy* and exciting . . . well written . . ."

GEORGIA CALLS IT MASTERFUL

Augusta Chronicle: ". . . the best book of the kind I have read during several years . . . pure clean thrills . . . touching drama . . . that will linger long in the memory of the reader . . . gripping realistic style . . . *masterful* . . ."

LONDON CALLS IT SYMPATHETIC

London Book Trade Journal & Librarians' Guide: ". . . many adventures . . . this story of love and hate is simply and effectively told . . . authoritative and *sympathetic* pictures of Sioux Indian life . . ."

NEW YORK CALLS IT AUTHENTIC

New York Times Book Review: ". . . *authentic* account . . . of the unparalleled Sioux uprising in Minnesota during 1862, and of the widespread massacre to which the hapless settlers were subjected by the rampant savages . . ."

WINNIPEG CALLS IT CLEVER

Winnipeg Free Press: ". . . Something of the quality of, let us say, Waverley . . . a vivid book . . . real life . . . reader led *cleverly* deep into the tale . . . filled with action . . . the practical and romantic so blend in 'Moccasin Flower' that the reader is held with a double power. The book will take rank as a period novel . . ."

The Bookmasters, 1213 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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Reforming Education

THE AMERICAN STATE UNIVERSITY. By Norman Foerster. Chapel Hill. University of North Carolina Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY WOODBURN CHASE

MR. FOERSTER has a long familiarity with his subject. His teaching life has been spent in state universities; at Wisconsin, at the University of North Carolina, and at Iowa. One need scarcely add, in view of his previous publications, that in outlook and temperament he is a humanist of the humanists.

The argument he sets forth is straightforward. The ideas of education propounded by Thomas Jefferson were essentially selective in character. Leaders were to be chosen, and educated at public expense. But America soon yielded to the Jacksonian conception of equalitarianism, which in time led to the demand for equality in education, so that the state university became an agency for the offering of all sorts of practical education to all sorts of people. This, in turn, was made possible by the prevalence of two philosophies — the humanitarianism of Rousseau and the scientific tradition of Bacon. Both these ideas were implicit in generations that witnessed the material conquest of America. From Rousseau came the overemphasis on feeling, the sense of the will of the sovereign people that must prevail, and the doctrine of man's natural goodness and response to a favorable environment. From the scientific attitude formulated by Bacon came the idea of progress through the power of knowledge. With the immense growth of science in the nineteenth century, it seemed clear enough that mankind might look forward to even greater opportunities. Especially in America did this become a religion, firing the imaginations of men everywhere.

The state universities, reflecting such principles, were the expression of the national will toward "direct democracy, social leveling, applied science, and material success." Reflecting the expansive mood of industrial America, they became agencies of mass education, department stores of learning, offering every imaginable type of course. So great was the expansion of knowledge that even faculties lost all sense of the relative values of subject-matter. Any item of knowledge was the equivalent of any other item. To all this President Eliot of Harvard gave great impetus by the system of free electives, and by his call for education for Power and Service, for the creation of an "efficient nation."

Out of the chaos of free election there came gradually curricula which might be elected as units, but the old cultural unity was gone. "The organizing principle in such programs was frankly vocational, not cultural." Thus there emerged a college of liberal arts "having no curriculum but only a vast assortment of courses," a "service college." In the graduate school, the scientific passion of the faculty was so undermined by the humanitarian impulse that standards became lower and lower, with the whole field adapted to the plodder, not the exceptional student.

The years of depression brought to the state universities bewilderment and paralysis. Education had striven for efficiency, and of efficiency there was too little. The universities, like the public, began to find themselves in a questioning mood. They began more and more to be aware of their own confusion. They stand today at the parting of the ways. They may continue to pursue the old gods, or they may take the hard way of developing real leadership. It is this harder way which they should follow. Liberal education must be once more set on its feet. This is possible only by a return—not in subject-matter, but in attitude—to the humanistic attitudes of Athens and of the Renaissance. Knowledge must primarily be self-knowledge and liberal education progressive self-mastery, its aim the development of Emerson's "Man Thinking."

Now, if liberally educated men and women are to speak a common language, there must be a common curriculum. Teachers must be, not specialists, but men themselves of liberal education and culture. Once given such a liberal college, reform will spread downward into the secondary schools, and upward to the graduate level. "The key to educational reform is thus the college of liberal arts."

So runs the book. It is tempting, naturally, to compare it with Hutchins's "The Higher Learning in America." Both plead for a purposeful general education, but while Hutchins goes back to Plato and the medieval schoolmen for his philosophy, Foerster is thinking of Aristotle and the Renaissance. Now both Aristotle and the men of the Renaissance were far closer to reality than Plato and the schoolmen. The result is a book much nearer to the spirit of modern life.

The great defect of Foerster's book is, perhaps, his attempt to dissect out the state university as the villain of the piece in American higher education. This is simply not the fact. Outside of a very small group, colleges and universities on private foundations have been just as vocationally-minded, just as lost to all sense of proportion, as have the state universities. Indeed, Foerster refers more than once to President Eliot as the man chiefly responsible for the collapse of any real liberal education in America. Examples might be multiplied. The fact is that higher education in America is a system, composed of over a thousand institutions, enrolling a million or so students, and shot through with the same conventional conception of its functions. Both state and private institutions have reflected a period in American life which was dominated by a success motive too strong to be resisted by any theory of the importance of the education of the inner man. We have created all sorts of professional and vocational schools, and we have given over the liberal arts college largely to preparation for the work of those schools. The specialist has come to dominate our educational system to a point at which culture oozes out between the widening cracks of our specialties. The liberal arts college, in short, has become the plaything of the system as it has developed in America since the early days of the present century.

Yet there is perhaps no more genuine need in American life than for a really coherent, four-year liberal college. There can be little debate with Foerster on that point. As to what its curriculum should include, the type of its offerings, there must, in the present state of American education, be much difference of opinion. Liberal education in any real sense is not, and can never be, for the mass. After all, however we conceive it, it involves dealing with abstract ideas, and abstract ideas are not for the majority of mankind. The Greeks who understood Plato and Aristotle were perhaps no more numerous than those men and women in the modern world who have at least some vague idea of what the quantum physics is about. Yet that saving minority who can be, not trained, but educated, is a most precious possession.

I do not think that, either in the state universities, or in most privately endowed institutions, we can limit our students to that minority. The social pressures which militate against it are too strong. But I do believe that, within something like our existing structures, we can build for them cities of refuge. If we cannot, the future is dark enough. Geared as we are to the operation of an educational machine vaster and more complex than any the world has ever seen, we cannot abandon the mechanism we have created. We cannot forget the pressures of American life. Education, after all, goes on, not in a vacuum, but in a definite environment, and with a definite constituency.

But, by all known processes of selection and guidance, we can find out the "intellectually robust," and do our best for them. That best involves, as Foerster rightly says, first of all a reform of the liberal arts college.

Harry Woodburn Chase is Chancellor of New York University.

Religion in Germany

HITLER AND THE CHRISTIANS. By Waldemar Gurian. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1937. $1.75.

To most observers of affairs in Germany, Hitler's determination to subjugate the Church, both Catholic and Protestant, to a "State Church," is difficult to understand. A survey, however, of the political development of German Protestantism, together with an account of the political attitudes of Protestants and Catholics towards each other, explains much of Hitler's activity. Such a survey, brief—but not easily read, thanks perhaps to the translator—Herr Gurian gives in this book. He follows it with a more extended account of the ecclesiastical-political wrangles of the last four years in Germany. His examination is damning to National Socialism; but it leaves the Church, both Protestant and Catholic, looking little more worthy of commendation. His final hope, that persecution on one hand and ineptitude on the other will lead to a spiritual revival independent of political and ecclesiastical organizations, seems to be his own private hope.

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"Southerntown"

CASTE AND CLASS IN A SOUTHERN TOWN. By John Dollard. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN D. ALLEN

IT is not surprising that to Dr. Dollard, a mid-Westerner, "Southerntown" appeared as a maze of strange restrictions, taboos, nuances in social and racial relationships. Sometimes it appears so to Southerners. But Dr. Dollard came to it with the eager yet impartial mind of a scientist, unconditioned by the subtle influences which play on every Southerner from birth; and he has been able to draw a picture that probably no native, however determined to be fair, could have quite achieved.

The social structure of the South is unique in democratic areas of the world. What makes it unique is the fact of caste, which divides the population into two sets of social classes. Among the whites are a proletariat, composed mainly of textile and other factory workers, farm tenants, and farm laborers; a middle class, essentially no different in 1937 from its equivalent elsewhere; a pseudo-aristocracy, romanticized by a long line of sentimental novelists. Among the Negroes are a disproportionately large proletariat; a small middle class composed mainly of professionals; a handful of "aristocrats" with rather vague status, resting on traditions of ancestral privilege under slavery.

Within one's own race, movement upward in social status is possible, though increasingly difficult. But outside one's race, movement is possible in no direction. Caste sets inviolable bounds. However intelligent he may be, no Negro can associate on terms of equality with whites. However ignorant and degraded he may be, any white is privileged to feel himself superior to the Negro, and free—rather, compelled—to assert the relation upon occasion. Caste produces the curious social phenomena which Mr. Dollard observed. It profoundly determines the psychology of both races.

What does caste do to the egoes of Southern Negroes? This was the question first proposed by the author, to be answered after he had gathered accounts of "the social and emotional growth of Negroes." But soon it became obvious that for the accounts to yield their full significance, the scope of the study had to be broadened. And so five months in a small Southern county-seat, whose true name is necessarily concealed, saw probing into more than the caste-conditioned personalities of Black Belt Negroes.

Mr. Dollard's probing technique was adequate and his practice skilled. Three methods of getting first-hand information were employed: participation in social activities of the town, series of interviews with representative clients, casual conversations and observations. In all cases full notes were taken. A preliminary survey of the physical and economic environment provided an understanding of the base on which the social structure rests; and a careful appraisal of biases, personal or innate in method, curbed too easy interpretation. The result is probably the truest and most complete study yet made of the Black Belt South from the sociological point of view. Essentially, though the author does not declare so, it is true of the South as whole.

Four chapters of the eighteen discuss the research site and the method, pitfalls of bias in the researcher's path, and Southern attitudes toward the North. Chapter five skillfully dissects caste and class in "Southerntown," which is correctly taken to be typical of towns in the Black Belt. Successive chapters detail the economic, sexual, and prestige gains of the white middle class; others explain how caste patterns education, politics, and religion for both whites and blacks; still others clarify such matters as "Accommodation Attitudes of Negroes," "Aggression Within the Negro Group," "Negro Aggression Against Whites," "White Caste Aggression Against Negroes," "Defensive Beliefs of the White Caste," "Gains of the Lower-Class Negroes," "Caste-Symbolism: Race Prejudice." There are also two appendices, one presenting material from the life histories of middle-class Negroes, the other containing an excellent study of that frustrated class, the "poor whites," by Dr. Leonard W. Doob. An index adds to the book's usefulness.

Mr. Dollard has had special training in psychoanalysis, and gracefully acknowledges a debt to Freud; but he is by no means unaware of the interplay of economic and psychological fact. He has, too, an acute sensitiveness to persons and situations, a shrewd eye for details, and a good, informal style. These lift his book far above the level of the usual sociological treatise.

It is possible that Mr. Dollard's mid-Western rearing and Eastern education will evoke the familiar defensive complaint about the inability of outsiders to understand the South's peculiar problems—a complaint, in fact, which the author himself repeatedly encountered in Southerntown. But from now on no Southerner with any pretense to intellectual honesty can raise such a cry. Sympathetic as he is, the author shows an understanding of the agrarian South's "problems" which few in the region, and probably none in Southerntown, can approach.

John D. Allen is on the faculty of journalism at Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 169)

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Psychoanalysis and Culture

THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY OF OUR TIME. By Karen Horney, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by MARTIN W. PECK, M.D.

DR. HORNEY is a psychoanalyst and qualifies as an expert by training, experience, and previous contributions. This book is avowedly based on Freud's psychology of the unconscious mind but has a more independent and critical tone than has appeared in her former writings. As a background to her presentation, new weight is given to the influence of sociological and cultural factors in the neuroses in contrast with the usual emphasis by psychoanalysis on the vicissitudes in the development of various elemental forces within the individual personality.

The volume is prepared for a wide circle of readers and much of the author's treatment of her subject is on a popular level. In discussing neurotic illness there is little attempt to go back to basic causes or to differentiate between various types of disorders. Instead, her exposition is built around certain well organized traits that are characteristic of all neuroses. The most important are connected with anxiety, inordinate need for affection, exaggerated hostility, and striving for "power, prestige, and possession." When such traits appear openly, they are recognizable as childish behavior whether the individual age be four or forty. More commonly in the adult they work underground disguised in a fashion to be in large part concealed from both the subject and his friends. These trends do not work independently but are integrated into vicious circles of cause and effect. To the untrained observer these manifestations appear chaotic and Dr. Horney is at her best in establishing order and simplification to aid in clear thinking. It is pointed out that not uncommonly major tendencies are camouflaged by their opposite. Anxiety may be obscured by self-assertion, hostility hidden by consideration and kindliness, need for affection result in cold aloofness, and striving for domination and prestige flourish behind a screen of becoming modesty.

A mystical touch is added by Dr. Horney when she discusses the anomalous but well-recognized fact that there is often an element of gain for the neurotic from his suffering. It has been considered a satisfactory explanation that in this way there is found atonement for deep feelings of guilt by a kind of self-punishment. The author challenges this hypothesis. She maintains that in making capital of suffering the neurotic person seeks escape from his heightened individualism and painful consciousness of self by efforts to merge with something outside—a process not unrelated to some varieties of religious experience.

Scientific psychoanalysis as usually presented is of such highly technical nature that it is of limited value in theory or practice to the other than specialists. An outstanding virtue of this book is that it makes available to others in medicine and allied fields a usable psychopathology of the superficial unconscious. If originality, eclecticism, and selective divergencies set Dr. Horney apart, psychoanalysis will regret her loss from its more formalized activities. It is to be hoped that the usefulness she is seeking in a broader field will serve as compensation.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SIX QUEER THINGS *C. St. John Sprigg* (Crime Club: $2.)	Impoverished English orphan (f.) with nasty uncle gets job with medium who is poisoned in seance; Insp. Morgan steps in.	Hair-raising excursion into occult, with trimmings of insanity, racketeering in souls, palpitating action, and efficient British-type sleuthing.	Rip-tail roarer
THREE LIGHTS WENT OUT *Robert George Dean* (Crime Club: $2.)	Novelist, doctor, and gigolo slaughtered at Adirondack house party despite presence of Pat Thompson and Sue Barton, who eventually corral killer.	Mingled motives of dope politics and jealousy basis of slightly confusing, crisply conversational, and smartly groomed yarn with slick photographic finish.	Agreeable
DEATH SITS ON THE BOARD *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Five directors of British hardware firm die violently before Dr. Priestley and Insp. Hanslet catch up to mass-killer.	Solution not entirely unguessable considerably before finis, but murder methods and background are novel and entertaining.	Competent
DEAD MAN'S MIRROR *Agatha Christie* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Three killings and a burglary in and near London provide H. Poirot opportunities to exercise little gray cells.	Agatha Christie is as good in these four long stories as in her novels, though one of the plots is ancient.	Recommended

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

EMINENT VICTORIANS. By Lytton Strachey. *Harcourt, Brace.*

BRIGHT CENTER OF HEAVEN. By William Maxwell. *Harpers.*

DISCOVERING POETRY. By Elizabeth Drew. *Norton.*

Gustave Flaubert

G. D. S. of St. Louis, Mo., *wishes a list of books concerning the French novelist, Gustave Flaubert.*

IT is curious considering the enormous vogue which Flaubert has had in this country that there should be few works in English on him that extend to book length. There is a study, by L. P. Shanks, entitled FLAUBERT'S YOUTH (Johns Hopkins Press), undoubtedly written as a doctoral dissertation, and a life by Frank Thomas Marzials (Putnams), but otherwise the material seems to be largely scattered through volumes of essays and literary histories. G. D. S. is familiar with the Flaubert discussions in volumes by Croce, Brandes, Huneker, James, and Murry. He will find space devoted to him also in Ernest Boyd's STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES (Scribners), Anatole France's ON LIFE AND LETTERS, Second and Third Series, (Dodd, Mead), George Saintsbury's COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS (Dutton), and Stuart P. Sherman's POINTS OF VIEW (Scribners). I cannot find that there is any translation into English of the charming letters of Flaubert to his niece Caroline concerning which G. D. S. inquires, but there is a volume, by H. C. David, entitled FLAUBERT AND GEORGE SAND IN THEIR CORRESPONDENCE (Chicago Literary Club, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.) which covers those exchanged between these two authors.

On Book Reviewing

F. L. O. of Beverly Hills, Calif., *asks for the name of a book, "or better still books," which deal with instruction in the technicalities of book reviewing.*

Probably the most useful book for F. L. O.'s purposes is THE CRAFT OF THE CRITIC (Crowell), by S. Stephenson Smith. This is a volume intended for the uninitiate, and is a practical and concrete manual. Taking up first the general method and manner of reviewing and the character of a review as conditioned by the public for which it is intended, Mr. Smith follows his preliminary discussion by analysis of the review as applied to different categories of literature. Thus he selects various forms of fiction—the picaresque novel, the historical novel, the mystery story, the psychological tale, etc., calling attention to what in each instance is likely to prove the happiest manner of approach and to yield the most illuminating comment. The book is intended for the reviewer as differentiated from the critic. Other volumes that should prove helpful to F. L. O. are Henry Hazlitt's THE ANATOMY OF CRITICISM (Simon & Schuster), which is presented in the form of a Socratic dialogue, and Llewellyn Jones's HOW TO CRITICIZE BOOKS (Norton).

To Whom It May Concern

The letter has unfortunately gone astray of the correspondent who desired the title of a number of books, both fiction and non-fiction, written roughly within the past five years, which depict aspects of contemporary America. Since I have not her initials, I make shift to answer her as a general personality.

There is a book which has just come from the press which is as fascinating reading on contemporary America as I have seen in a long time and that is Congressman Maury Maverick's A MAVERICK AMERICAN (Covici-Friede) reviewed in this issue. An earlier volume, also by one of our Government officials, which is a wise and illuminating gloss on the America of today is Secretary Wallace's NEW FRONTIERS (Reynal & Hitchcock). In SPENDING TO SAVE (Norton) still another of the Administration officials, Harry L. Hopkins, reviews the measures taken to offset the ravages of the depression, graphically presenting a survey of one—and a tragic—phase of American life during the past few years. More general in character are such books as Herbert Agar's LAND OF THE FREE (Houghton Mifflin), Stuart Chase's RICH LAND, POOR LAND (McGraw-Hill), and Gilbert Seldes's MAINLAND (Scribners). This last is a volume admirably adapted for club discussion, since it covers the cultural aspects of the United States and sets forth much controversial doctrine which should be provocative of animated discussion.

When it comes to fiction it is difficult to isolate a few novels representative of recent American trends and life, since in a sense all fiction taking the contemporary United States for background is reflective of the character of its present civilization. There is, of course, the proletarian novel such as Albert Halper's UNION SQUARE (Viking) and Robert Cantwell's LAND OF PLENTY (Farrar & Rinehart) which, with strikes reducing certain sections of the country almost to anarchy, are peculiarly pertinent at the moment. There are Josephine Johnson's NOW IN NOVEMBER (Simon & Schuster), a novel of the soil, and Ellen Glasgow's VEIN OF IRON (Harcourt, Brace) in which the depression plays a large part; James Farrell's STUDS LONIGAN trilogy (Vanguard), a story of the Chicago slums, and Josephine Lawrence's YEARS ARE SO LONG (Stokes), a tale depicting the tragedy of destitute old age. These are all books portraying the more somber aspects of contemporary American life, but they are, I imagine, what my correspondent wishes for her purposes rather than lighter tales.

We Recommend

NO HOUSE OF PEACE

By ELIZABETH CONNOR

A singularly powerful, gripping story of a house and a merciless, unforgettable portrait of the woman who dominated it. The gripping, emotional intensity, the restrained artistry of the author as she pictures the pious, domineering woman and her power for evil in her own family makes this novel as fine a piece of work as has come out of Ireland in recent years. $2.50

OLIVER POLLOCK

The Life and Times of an Unknown Patriot

By JAMES ALTON JAMES

The first book to record the career and services of the man who financed the George Rogers Clarke expedition to the Northwest and in doing so made a significant contribution to the Revolutionary cause. Illustrated. $4.00

THIS SHINING WOMAN

By GEORGE PREEDY

Author of "General Crack," etc.

An important biography in which the brilliant historical novelist tells the tragic story of Mary Wollstonecraft, one of the first champions of women's rights, whose life ironically enough led her, under the touch of love, to defy her own rules. $4.00

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By EMILE DARD

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The New Books

Biography

SKY STORMING YANKEE: The Life of Glenn Curtiss. By Clara Studer. Stackpole. 1937. $3.

Glenn Curtiss was without formal training in the sciences of mechanics and dynamics and depended for his achievements on what he was able to learn through his hands and his eyes in dealing with motors and planes. His was the gift of the inspired tinkerer. A flyer as well as a designer, he looked upon his materials in the same way as Lindbergh regarded his celebrated "We." His biography as Miss Studer writes it is the story of the Curtiss motors and planes.

Following a successful career as a driver and builder of bicycles and motorcycles, and as a builder of motors for gasbags, Curtiss was inducted by Alexander Graham Bell into the Aerial Experimental Association, formed for research on flying with funds provided by Mrs. Bell. With his skill in building motors and planes, Bell's shrewd direction and counsel, and the intensive enthusiasm of the other members, the Association succeeded in producing a plane that would fly. Curtiss became the first licensed pilot in America. He became identified with flying, carried on plane building despite the large litigation costs of patent disputes with the Wrights, and finally received his financial rewards in the tremendous business boost due to the war.

Miss Studer tells the story swiftly and adroitly, with an eye for its dramatic values, and with strong sympathy with Curtiss and his manner of work. Her failure to make her subject's life seem humanly rounded and complete is perhaps less her fault than Curtiss's.

J. R.

WE'RE SAILING IN THE MORNING. By Ed Carlson and Jim Coolen. Brattleboro: Stephen Daye Press. 1937. $1.50.

During the last fifteen years Jim Coolen has shipped on almost every sort of deep-water craft afloat. When his vessel touches at Portland, Maine, Jim drops into the *Evening Express* newsroom for a yarn with his friend Ed Carlson, who has also been off soundings. Things stick in Jim's mind, he has to ease them out. One night when he was going it, Ed told him he ought to write all this down. So with Ed's help he did.

The result is able, unpretentious, and charming. Jim is no Trader Horn, praise be, and no Joan Lowell; he is as plain and genuine as James B. Connolly's Howard Blackburn in "The Book of the Gloucester Fisherman." There is little or no continuity to his experiences. One thing reminds him of something else, and he backs and fills for a while till Ed nudges him back on the course. He includes yarns told by his friends, and one whole chapter stays ashore while Jim and a shipmate bum their way from New Orleans to Savannah. He errs here and there, but nobody in his senses will avoid the book for this reason. Jim Coolen has been all over everywhere with his eyes open, Carlson has wisely let him tell what he has seen in his own way, and Jim's genial candor and unassuming nature make him a man worth listening to. There are high spots—the hurricane, the night watch, the Finn's behavior on passing the windjammer, the girl Hedvig; but by any except the silliest academic standards it is all good prose, prose direct and unobtrusive, invisible medium of rich experience. Men who know the sea will want this book.

K. P. K.

Fiction

THE CRIME WAVE AT BLANDINGS. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.

The young, in love and facing endless difficulties. The sick, rich, crotchety, tyrannical old. Rambling country houses in the depths of England. Small pubs. School treats. Mistaken identity. Loss at gambling. Shakespeare and the Brontës and Agatha Christie know these for the stuff of tragedy. They happen also to be the materials from which the comedies of P. G. Wodehouse are made, and if you ask us his are the hardest books anybody can be given to review. In the present volume, for example, Wodehouse is as good as ever, thus making it impossible to carp. We could have carped a little at "Laughing Gas," but, no, some one else reviewed that, and here are we with "The Crime Wave at Blandings" on our hands, and only the usual list of laudatory adjectives, all of which have been used before in the same connection. Mr. Wodehouse has the ultimate gift of being able to survive his reputation, continuing serenely to produce the freshest and most spontaneous humor at a point of literary success which has laid the paralysis of stage fright or sententiousness on a great many gifted people. The title story is perhaps the best, and reading it one is struck anew with the fact that Mr. Wodehouse goes on creating actual people as well as belly laughs, irony as well as slapstick.

Only the etching-acid of Saki's cameo talent seems to us, in our generation, to rival Wodehouse. Munro and Wodehouse together, mordant and kindly, vinegar and oil, are the unique two who now merit, and will survive to deserve, that description of Scaramouche which so embarrassed Yale University. Nothing dies as fast as nearly-good comedy. Nothing lasts as long as nearly-perfect laughter. The best review of this book would be the simple announcement that it is out, and contains seven short stories as good as all the other short stories P. G. Wodehouse wrote before.

F. W.

THE MYRTLE TREE. By R. G. Goodyear. New York: Morrow. 1937. $2.50.

The tree of Venus, according to Mr. Goodyear, produces a variety of curious and bitter fruits. Of the five different human relationships analyzed in his book, four at least are tinged with potential or actual unhappiness for those concerned in them, and the fifth is inconclusive. Yet the author's tone is not predominantly gloomy, partly because he never concentrates for long on any one facet of the multiple tragedy presented, and provides no definite mechanism to hold together these sketchily revealed encounters with the fatal passion. His people and incidents are taken haphazardly from life, though the author always shows a sensitive appreciation for the apparently insignificant but actually vastly important details of everyday existence. Whether Mr. Goodyear is writing of a mother's love for her daughter, threatened with tuberculosis, or of the passion of a man for his mistress, which is insensibly leading him back to his wife, he is always intelligent and convincing. Less ordinary cases, with homosexual and mystical overtones, are also admirably handled. The effects are on the small side: one feels after reading "The Myrtle Tree" that at times the author's tolerance for his characters approaches boredom. As with the psychiatrist who plays a role in the story, sympathy for the individual has perhaps been lost in a surge of love for mankind in general. As a result, the book in spite of its fresh and often exquisite impressionism remains some distance away from reality. It is life seen through an accurate, not over-powerful telescope. People and things are neither deformed nor greatly magnified by it. Much of the writing is of high quality, especially when the English countryside is dealt with. Here is a fine new talent, which should eventually give us things more considerable than "The Myrtle Tree."

T. P., Jr.

CITY OF BELLS. By Elizabeth Goudge. Coward-McCann. 1937. $2.50.

If you were one of those who felt the charm of "Island Magic" you will be both delighted and apprehensive to learn that a new book by Elizabeth Goudge has appeared. Miss Goudge is an Englishwoman, daughter of an Oxford Professor.

This story lacks the everyday reality of family life so successfully achieved in "Island Magic." The situations, the locale, are too artificially created to offer anything except an excursion into a Cranford-ish town. However, that is a pleasant sort of trip, and when this little town (called Torminster and not Cranford by Miss Goudge) introduces you to Grandfather, Henrietta, and Anthony it is something to be thankful for. Both Grandfather and Henrietta are characters to cherish.

The problems of personal relationships, of religious feeling, of various complexities of life, are treated here, not artificially, but with a gentle, human, and humorous understanding which is real. The book has a very light touch but like its predecessor it has something more.

One character in the book says, "To steady myself, that last night before I left Torminster, I began reading 'Hamlet.' There's nothing so steadying, when you're in pieces, as reading something fine that you know very well. It seemed to me that night that Hamlet was myself; all that he felt I felt. . . . The paralysis, the indecision, the torment, the disgust with life, the knowledge that one's own misery is caused by one's own mind."

Another character says, "It's highly

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necessary that I should become engaged to Felicity immediately. . . . You see, Torminster has decided that we shall be married at Christmas, and I think Felicity should know about it from me first. Torminster is like that; it is a city that relieves one of all personal responsibility. It decided that I should open a bookshop, so I did. Now it says I am to marry at Christmas, so I shall. . . . Good-bye."

There you have the two levels on which the book is written.

E. McD.

PITY FOR WOMEN. By Helen Anderson. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.

Ann Sutley, a pretty, quiet, very young girl, came to the city to work and lived in a club for women. In spite of a sympathetic and understanding roommate, Ann was desperately unhappy. Her experiences with men were uniformly unfortunate and finally, just as she met a nice one, she also met Judith, an older woman who fell in love with her. Ann went to live with Judith and the last third of the book deals with the (on the whole unhappy) progress of their affair.

A novel about Lesbians is apt to make pretty sticky reading for the average person. In this case the writing is so nervous and tense ("sensitive" according to the publishers) as to sound hysterical. Hysteria on this of all themes tends to obscure the author's purpose in writing the book. If her purpose was to prove that Ann was preyed upon or driven into "that other world," she has not succeeded because Ann simply slid, and it is no more possible to feel sympathy for her than for a stick carried along by the current. It seems more likely that the thesis is that while these women are "lost women" and unhappy, it was, after all, worth it—for a while anyway.

At any rate, one closes the book with a feeling, induced by the intense femininity of the writing as much as by the book's theme, that if women are to meet each other at all their association should be confined to brief luncheon dates in public places. They don't seem to be able to take it.

C. H. M.

"SO UNLIKE THE ENGLISH." By Noel Langley. Morrow. 1937. $2.

In titling his book as he has Mr. Langley lays himself wide open to several untutored American queries. His book strikes us, for one, as very, very like the English in their maddest and smuttiest mood. Only the late Thorne Smith did this sort of thing for us, and even he stopped considerably short of Noel Langley. Though the announced theme of "So Unlike the English" is the love story of two young innocents in the London theater world the conflict is supplied by their struggles with perversion in all its most direct and violent ("But, my dear, so terribly amusing!") forms. The rich American woman whose vigor and endless money ("All Americans have endless money, y' know") are part of the dizzy farce is just exactly like the English, it seems to us.

The book (unfortunately) is entertaining. A chapter early in the story when Robin, the hero, and Diana, his girl, dine wide-eyed with the lunatic fringe of sex life is so well done that there is no denying the writer's ability. But struggle as we may we cannot achieve the sophistication which impels the London *Times* to say that this novel is for adults only, and well worth the price of maturity. It may simply be that our idea of what constitutes an adult is as inaccurate as Mr. Langley's idea of what constitutes an American's vocabulary. Timidly, we hold that people who are avid for gay tales of the brittlest and most dirtily insane manifestations of psychopathic indecency, in no matter how luxurious settings, have not completely come of age. Which is not to say that there are not a lot of people who will get all sorts of fun out of "So Unlike the English."

F. W.

Miscellaneous

GEORGIA'S DISPUTED RUINS. Edited by E. Merton Coulter. University of North Carolina Press. 1937. $3.50.

This is a competent and thorough handling of a subject of purely local, antiquarian interest. In recent years a myth has grown up that the "Tabby Ruins" of Georgia are the remains of ancient Spanish missions. This book demonstrates that, in fact, they were early sugar works. History and archeology depend upon such minuscule, competent contributions for their growth, but they cannot be expected to have a general appeal.

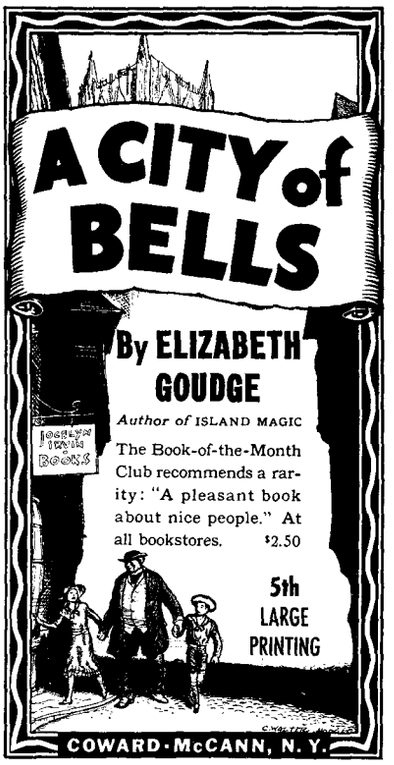
O. La F.

NOT TO BE BROADCAST. By Ruth Brindze. Vanguard. 1937. $2.

Although there are said to be 80,000,000 radio listeners in America, to woo whose interest more than 10,000 different programs are sprayed on the air each day, the broadcasting audience remains equally indifferent to the source of its programs and to any ulterior purposes that might underlie them. To all but a minute fraction of radio's public, the program's the thing and neither alarms by the Civil Liberties Union nor excursions in Washington can convince them that there is more to radio than meets the ear.

It is with the avowed hope of stirring the radio public out of its apathetic attitude that "Not to Be Broadcast" has been written. Compared on its jacket with "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" as a shocking revelation of the sinister and little known, Mrs. Brindze's book is a frank attack on commercial radio from the debunking point of view. But while it may cause some stir in broadcasting circles and be quoted at Congressional hearings, it seems very doubtful that it will ever incite many listeners to indignant clamor against the current system of control, financing, and operation. To be effective, let alone inflammatory, any critic of radio must be completely informed, and it is in this particular that Mrs. Brindze seems most wanting. Although her discussion of her subject is trenchant and interesting, she fails in many instances to include generally known facts. Most amazing of all is her evaluation of the various influences which have given American broadcasting its characteristics. In examining these she considers the government, the advertisers, the broadcasters at length but completely

(*Continued on next page*)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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

ignores the 80,000,000. To those who have studied American broadcasting from behind its microphones to the front of its loud speakers, the audience is the most important single factor. The desire to win and hold the approval of this vast mass has dominated the development of American radio and has made it different from that of any other country. Any discussion which ignores completely the existence of the audience, or considers that it occupies solely the passive role of listener without any reciprocating influence, fails to grasp one of the essential realities of American broadcasting.

M. D.

JOHN NORTON & SONS, MERCHANTS OF LONDON AND VIRGINIA. Edited by Frances Norton Mason. Richmond: The Dietz Press. 1937.

This portly, well-printed volume contains the correspondence of John Norton & Sons, a mercantile house of London and Yorktown, from 1750 to 1795. While the letters are chiefly valuable for a detailed knowledge of ways of carrying on business, they also offer a running commentary on the disturbed political conditions of the times and indirectly shed light on many aspects of Virginia social life. There is a full index.

A. M. S.

Travel

ROAMING IN HAWAII. By Harry A. Franck. Stokes. 1937. $3.50.

Many of us when speaking of Hawaii begin by flagrantly mispronouncing its name and continue either to think of it as a foreign land (the Departments of Commerce and State still put five cent stamps on their letters to it) or as an American "colony." The Territory of Hawaii, which may soon become our 49th state, holds no mystery in any corner for that veteran globe-trotter, Harry Franck. As comprehensively and accurately as he has covered most of the world he covers all eight of the Hawaiian Islands in this new book.

Hawaii is no more a South Sea Isle in spirit than it ever was geographically. It is a fulcrum of naval defense, an arable earth for the planting of sugar cane and pineapple, a tourist playground where progress has come to such a pass that shaving cream is now made of avocado, and cattle on the many ranches are taught to eat molasses. Seventy per cent of its population is non-native or of mixed blood, and forty per cent pure Japanese—which means that two cusps of that star we consider adding to our flag may conceivably point to Japan and not to us.

The Hawaiians, says Mr. Franck, are not dying out; they are breeding out, blending with eight other prolific races. It is not uncommon to ask a child of his parentage and receive the reply. "One third Hawaiian, one third Spanish, and one third sailor." Hawaii is probably the most ardent experimental melting-pot of all time, and its resultant amalgam must be one of America's major interests today.

H. D.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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IF CRAVING CULTURED company and commendable cuisine, try Interlaken Lodge. Lake St. Catherine, Wells, Vermont. For particulars, address Miss Mabel Taylor.

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PROFESSIONAL, business, Christian men and women, wanting to maintain accustomed high living standard at very low cash outlay, should investigate Young People's Cooperative Residence. Work spare time and pay $4.75 up, exchange room, board, sports. Cooperative Lodge, 229 West 48th, New York.

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THOROUGHLY RELIABLE and capable gentlewoman desires position as housekeeper. Box 94-C.

WHAT BOSTONIAN needing alert, proficient secretary would rescue one from rut of dead end Government position? Box 95-C.

WANTED—to sub-lease for summer, 1-1½ room apartment. Must be reasonable. State full particulars. Box 96-C.

WANTED: Cheap, two-room kitchenette apartment, sub-let July 1-14th, N. Y. C. Won't abuse books or furniture. Box 97-C.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful, sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Rooms by the day from $3.00. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—$6 to $7 a day. Weekly $35. Monthly $125. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. John W. Heath, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

LIVE in sociable atmosphere; river breezes; near Columbia University. $4.50 weekly. 301 West 108th (11-A).

CULTURED FRENCH WOMAN desires position as companion or social secretary for summer. Box 90-C.

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PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 170

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-T	2-X	3-B	4-H	5-M	6-J	7-V	8-Q	9-G		10-C	11-I	12-S	13-D	14-R
	15-B	16-C	17-D		18-J	19-D	20-G		21-U	22-F		23-P	24-B		25-L	26-Q
27-R	28-C		29-X	30-N	31-R	32-A		33-S	34-U	35-D		36-M	37-X	38-I	39-A	40-K
	41-U	42-F		43-W	44-E	45-G		46-A	47-B	48-P		49-K	50-N	51-S		52-U
53-L	54-I	55-A	56-P	57-E		58-T	59-S	60-Y	61-K	62-M	63-V	64-C	65-P		66-P	
67-B	68-K	69-Q	70-I	71-K	72-Y	73-T	74-P	75-J	76-L	77-X	78-F		79-U	80-Q	81-O	
82-M	83-C	84-L	85-Q	86-O	87-W	88-V	89-G		90-O	91-X	92-N	93-C	94-Q	95-W	96-U	97-M
98-V	99-P	100-F	101-B		102-E	103-U		104-R	105-N		106-G	107-H	108-B		109-T	110-R
111-X	112-M	113-Y	114-F	115-R	116-E		117-K	118-G	119-W	120-Y		121-O	122-G	123-E		124-Y
125-V	126-P	127-J	128-H	129-N	130-F		131-W	132-E		133-H	134-I	135-D	136-X	137-Y	138-K	139-F
140-O		141-L	142-R	143-C	144-Q	145-N	146-H		147-U	148-L	149-Q	150-Y		151-T	152-M	153-P
154-Y	155-I	156-R	157-A		158-B	159-A		160-X	161-B	162-A		163-W	164-K	165-V	166-S	167-H
168-I		169-E	170-G		171-D	172-V	173-O	174-L		175-P	176-W	177-B				

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Royal fugitives.
B. Old speculative collection of Hindu treatises.
C. Medieval guitar-like instrument.
D. First "king" of the English (827-839).
E. Dragon who gnaws root of Yggdrasil (Norse myth).
F. Turkish title of respect.
G. Hawthorne's first novel (1828).
H. Greek lyric poet—6th Century B. C.
I. Disappear.
J. Barn attic.
K. Hindrance.
L. Holy.
M. Member of ancient people of Asia Minor.
N. Social reception. (2 wds.).
O. Novel by Helen Hunt Jackson.
P. Burlesque title for pretentious official.
Q. Falls in Idaho.
R. One of the seven hills of Rome.
S. Weeping mother changed into stone (Gr.).
T. As before or aforesaid.
U. In truth (ironically).
V. Vatican part of the city of Rome.
W. Environing.
X. First name of 26th President of U. S.
Y. Birthplace of Anne Hathaway.

WORDS

162 46 55 157 39 32 159
3 67 47 177 158 108 161 15 101 24
143 93 28 10 64 16 83
17 171 135 19 13 35
132 102 123 44 169 116 57
139 42 22 100 78 130 114
170 118 122 9 106 89 20 45
107 4 128 167 133 146
168 54 38 134 155 70 11
6 127 18 75
40 68 61 49 117 164 71 138
84 53 76 141 25 148 174
36 62 97 112 82 5 152
30 145 50 105 92 129
81 121 86 173 140 90
74 66 48 126 153 56 65 99 23 175
149 144 85 8 26 80 94 69
27 31 14 115 104 142 156 110
33 166 51 59 12
1 73 109 151 58
79 41 147 96 34 21 103 52
165 7 172 63 88 125 98
131 163 119 95 176 87 43
160 29 37 77 91 2 136 111
154 113 137 150 60 124 72 120

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THERE is much to be said about J. M. Barrie (even after all these years we don't think of him as "Sir James") and it does not need to be said in a hurry. The newspaper obits unanimously chose to speak of his famous St. Andrews address, "Courage"; quite right too; a fine thing. But if we want to come rather closer to the man himself we might do so in the talk he made—speaking privately and among (more or less) his own kind—at the Critics' Circle in London, 15 years ago. (The clipping we saved is from the London *Times* of May 27, 1922). It was in that speech he begged to be saved from the stereotyped epithets *whimsical* and *elusive*. At his worst he often was just those things; but they became mere labels that concealed the surgical sharpness of his best work.

☞Barrie spoke of his passion for islands. "There are more islands in my plays than any of you are aware of." All who ever saw him, in the later years, divined that instinct of isolation, of removal. Secrecies are something the press is increasingly resolved to explode; but those who prize their own will respect Barrie's. More and more he came to look like a gnome or kobold; the diminutive stature, the childlike little hands and feet, were queer with that seamed and tragic face. Was it a hard childhood that made him hanker so for childishness in his old age? I suppose *Peter Pan*, read with attention, is one of the saddest things ever written. Read it, if you must, in its original form, the book *The Little White Bird*.

☞He will live long and prosper. The posthumous tributes will try to find a formula for him, and there is none. His epitaph? He said it himself in that same speech:—

"At present I am residing on an island. It is called Typee, and so you will not be surprised to hear that my companion's name is Fayaway. She is a dusky maid, composed of abstractions but not in the least elusive. She is just little bits of the golden girls who have acted for me and saved my plays. There is not one of them whom I have not watched for at the stage door and hissed ecstatically. She moves about my coral isle with the swallow-flights of Ellen Terry, and melts into the incomparable Maude Adams.

"Sometimes a play is written and put into a bottle and cast into the sea. I expect it never reaches you; at any rate if it is whimsical that is not it."

☞The second New York Times National Book Fair will be held from November 5 to 21, in Rockefeller Center, with twice the space it occupied last year. The publishers collaborating on the Fair with the *Times* have elected an organization committee, headed by Cass Canfield of Harpers, including George Brett, Cedric Crowell, Harold Guinzburg, Curtis W. McGraw, Eugene Reynal, and M. Lincoln Schuster. ☞The attendance at the 1936 Book Fair was over 80,000.

☞Guy Kendall, of McClurg's in Chicago, was in New York last week; and, astonishing as it may seem to Eastern egotism, for the first time in 25 years. His many friends in the Trade were eager to show him how the town had changed; our telephone scouts last heard of him at Rothmann's famous Chaucerian inn at East Norwich, L. I., whither he had been shanghaied by Messrs. Edmé Ziegler and Thos. Burns. We were sorry to miss him, but presume he has returned to encourage trade in Old Loopy; in the words of the poet, to

Try what the open, what the covert yield
At Carson Pirie or at Marshall Field.

☞Now that the Writers' Congress is all over, we gather from the reports that it was a new version of the best known of all debates: "Resolved, that the pen is mightier than the sword."

☞This week Mitchell Kennerley reenters active publishing, with *Mr. Pirate*, the fiction romance of a second-hand bookseller, written by A. B. Shiffrin—who knows, in his own Academy Bookshop, all glamors and grievances of the trade. M. K. uses in his publicity the amusing quote: "People are reading it who never read it before.—*Sam Goldwyn.*"

GP

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by Henri Lichtenberger

Translated and Edited by KOPPEL S. PINSON

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The Life, times and exploits of Lt. General Winfield Scott

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"When he died eloquent speeches were made by the great of the land, but perhaps an Irish sergeant quoted by the biographer paid him the most honest tribute: "He does be afther thinkin' well of himself, but, bedad, and why shouldn't he?"

"Mr. Smith's appreciation of Scott is discriminating, shrewd and impartial. Winfield Scott emerges from these sprightly pages an intelligible and likeable figure."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

386 pp. $4.00

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